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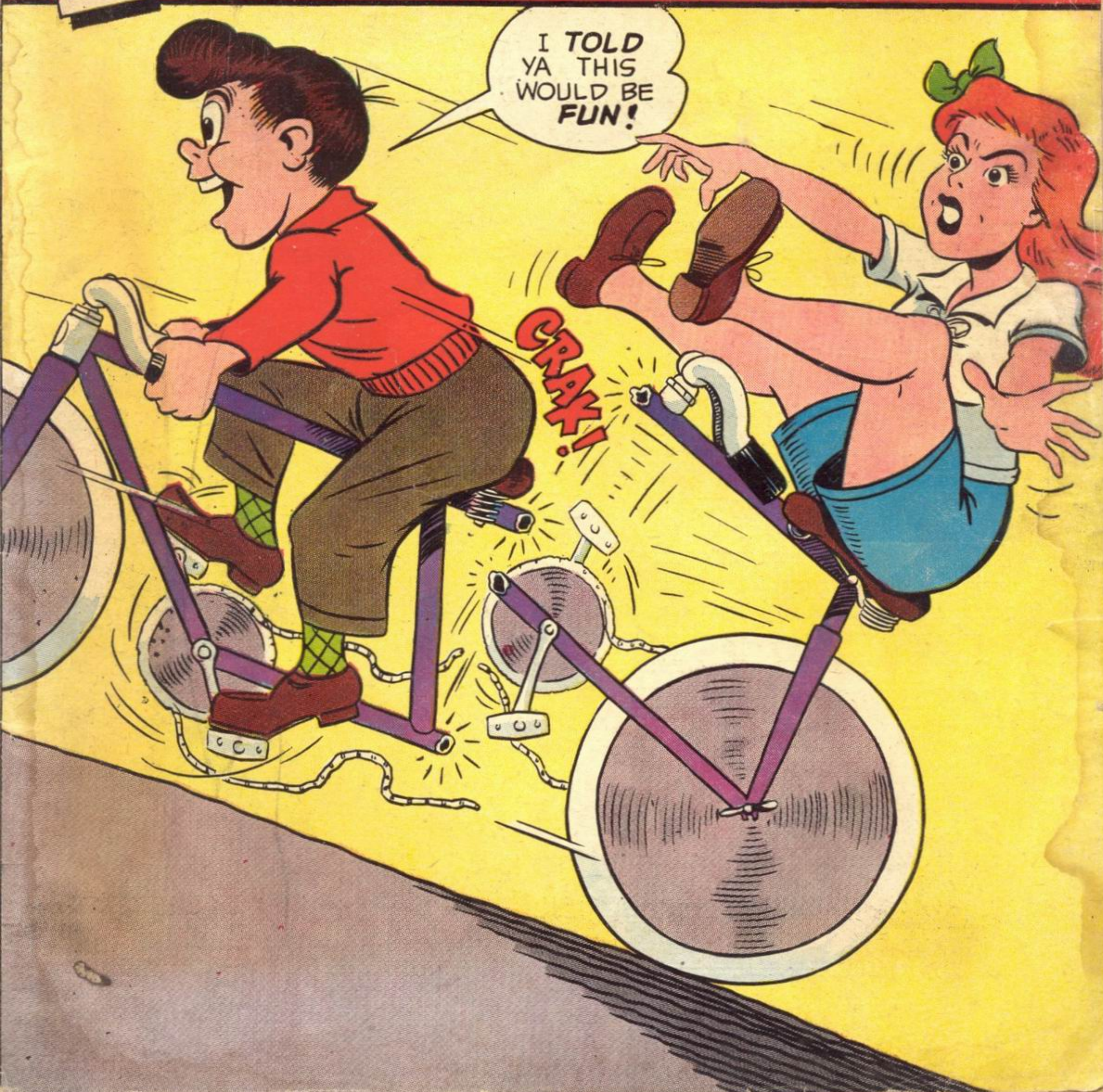


№33 OCT.-NOV.

# GOOKIE

10¢

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*







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ON ALL  
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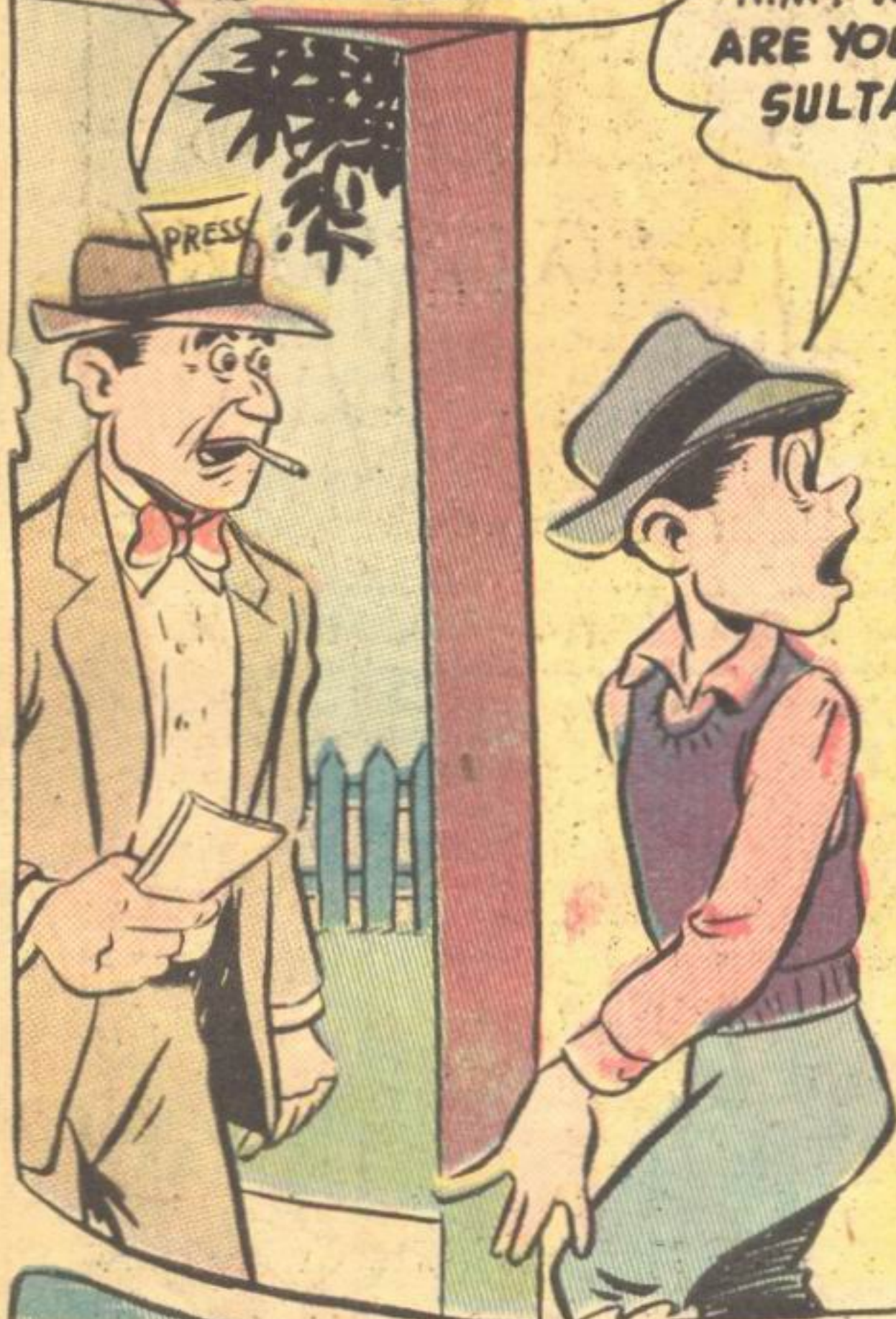


# COOKIE

I'M FROM THE **PRESS**!  
IS THE **SULTAN** IN?

I'LL ASK  
HIM! HEY,  
ARE YOU IN,  
**SULTAN**?

I'M VERY  
**INSULTIN'**!  
ESPECIALLY TO  
**STRANGERS**!



HEY, **COOKIE**! WAIT  
UP! I'VE GOT  
NEWS FOR YA!

YEAH? WHAT  
GIVES, JIT?



THE CATS ARE ALL GONNA CHIP  
IN AND BUY A BIG FAT MESS OF  
WEINIES AND THEN GO DOWN  
TO THE BEACH AND **COOK UP**  
**A STORM**!... NO WIMMIN, THOUGH...  
IT'S STRICTLY **STAG**! WANNA  
COME ALONG?

IT SOUNDS  
**GEORGE**, JIT,  
BUT I DUNNO!



\* **COOK UP A STORM**...  
= HAVE A BIG TIME!

\* **GEORGE** =  
SWELL, FINE!





WODDEYA MEAN, YA DON'T **KNOW**?

WELL, I SORTA HALF PROMISED TO SPEND THE DAY WITH **ANGELPUSS**! WOULDN'T WANTA LET **HER** DOWN, YA KNOW!



NO, I S'POSE NOT!

LOOK, WHY'N'TCHA WALK OVER WITH ME TO HER PLACE... AND IF SHE'S GOT SOMETHIN' **ELSE** PLANNED, I'LL GO ALONG WITH YA!

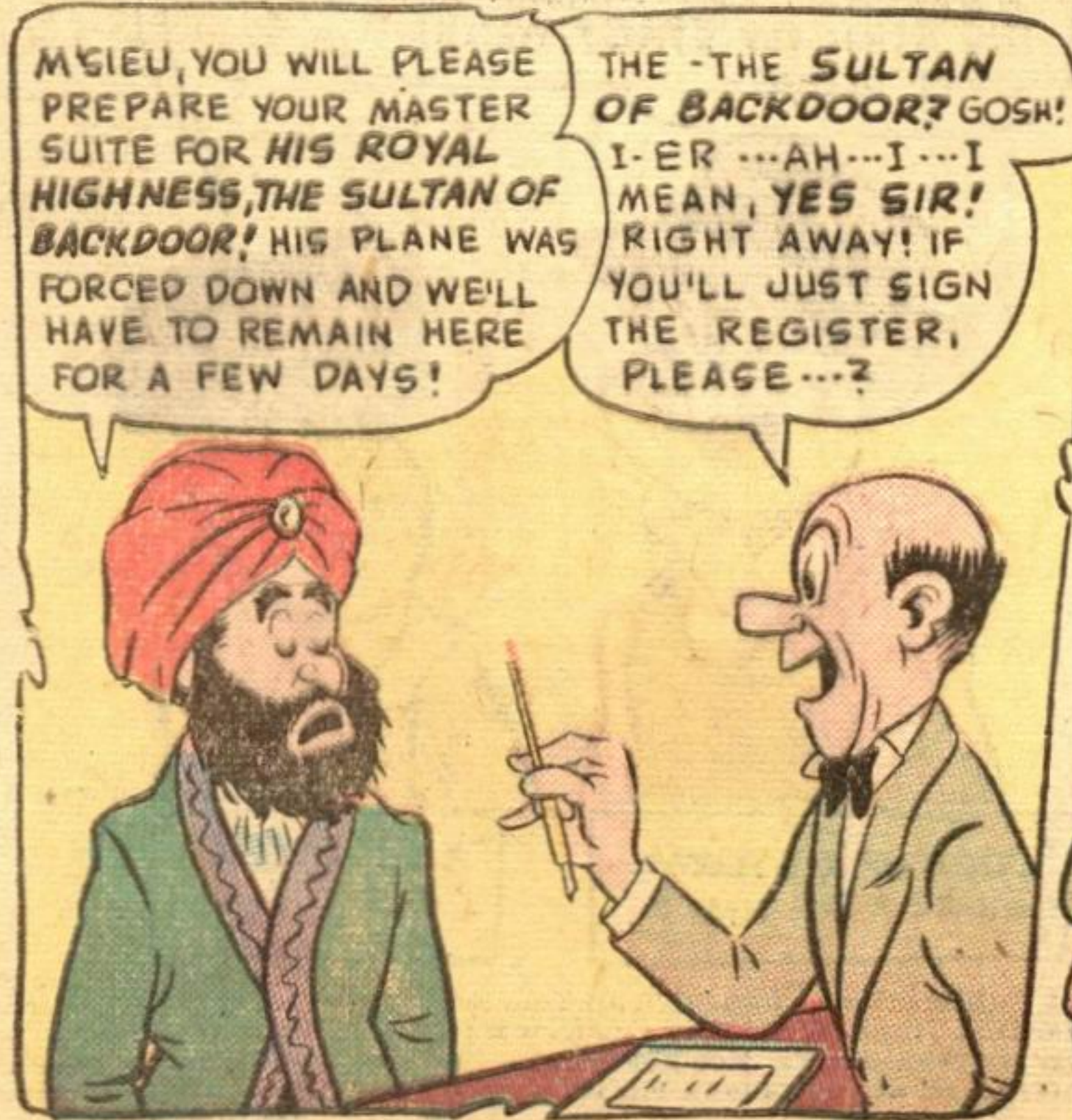


**M**EANWHILE, SOMETHING'S TAKING PLACE THAT'S GOING TO HAVE A **BIG EFFECT** ON COOKIE!

HEY, ALFRED, LOOK! WHO'S **THIS** BUNCH COMING IN?

LOOKS LIKE A COLLECTION OF **MIND-READERS**!

**THIS WAY, YOUR HIGHNESS!**



M'SIEU, YOU WILL PLEASE PREPARE YOUR MASTER SUITE FOR **HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE SULTAN OF BACKDOOR**! HIS PLANE WAS FORCED DOWN AND WE'LL HAVE TO REMAIN HERE FOR A FEW DAYS!

THE -THE **SULTAN OF BACKDOOR**? GOSH! I-ER...AH...I...I MEAN, **YES SIR!** RIGHT AWAY! IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN THE REGISTER, PLEASE...?



**SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...**

HOPE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL FIND THESE ACCOMMODATIONS SATISFACTORY!

CERTAINLY! THAT'D BE MR. WITHERSPOON!

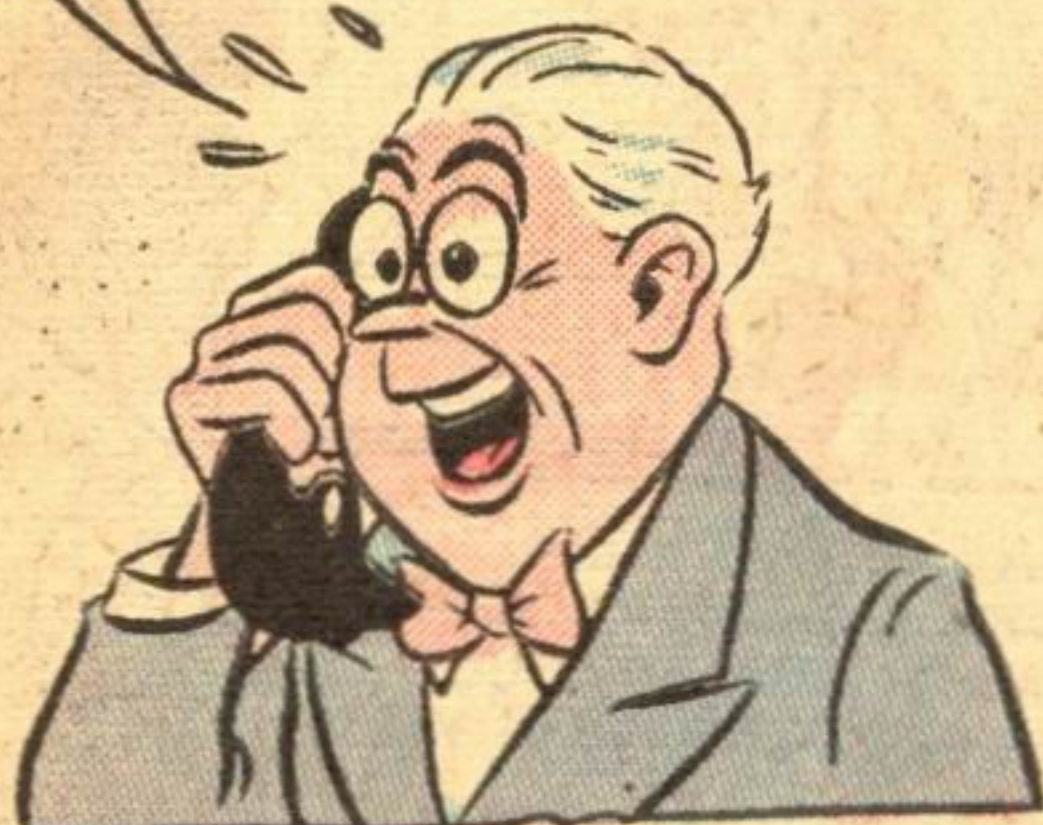
THEY'LL DO! NOW WILL YOU PLEASE GET THE PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL **BANK** ON THE TELEPHONE? HIS HIGHNESS WISHES TO **SPEAK** TO HIM!

SNIFF FOR



**M**INUTES LATER, AT ANGELPUSS'S HOME...

WHO? THE SULTAN OF BACKDOOR?... WISHES TO SEE ME? BUT I'M NOT AT THE BANK! I'M AT HOME... THIS IS A LEGAL HOLIDAY! ...W-WHAT? A MILLION DOL... THAT'S DIFFERENT! COME RIGHT OVER TO MY HOME!



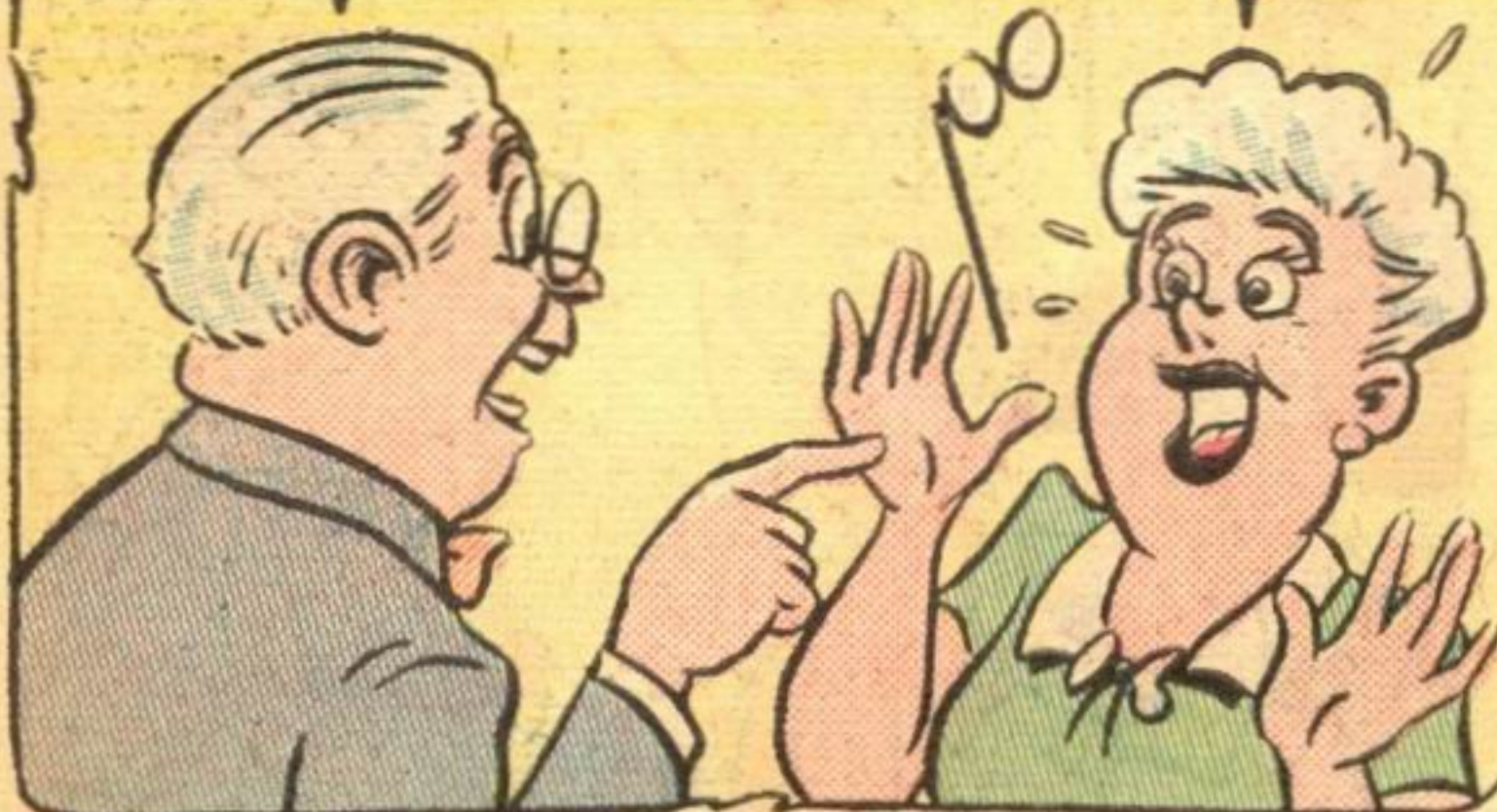
MOTHER! ANGELPUSS? HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE SULTAN OF BACKDOOR, IS IN TOWN AND HE'S COMING HERE... TO OUR HOUSE!

DAD WITHERSPOON, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?



IT'S THE TRUTH! HE'S ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK AND HIS PLANE BROKE DOWN! HE'S CARRYING A MILLION DOLLARS IN JEWELS, AND WANTS TO PUT 'EM IN THE BANK FOR SAFE-KEEPING UNTIL THE PLANE IS REPAIRED!

OH, POP! THIS IS WONDERFUL! WAIT'LL THE NEWSPAPERS HEAR OF THIS... I'LL BE THE TOAST OF THE SOCIETY PAGE!



**S**HORTLY AFTERWARD...

ANGEL, HOW DO I LOOK?

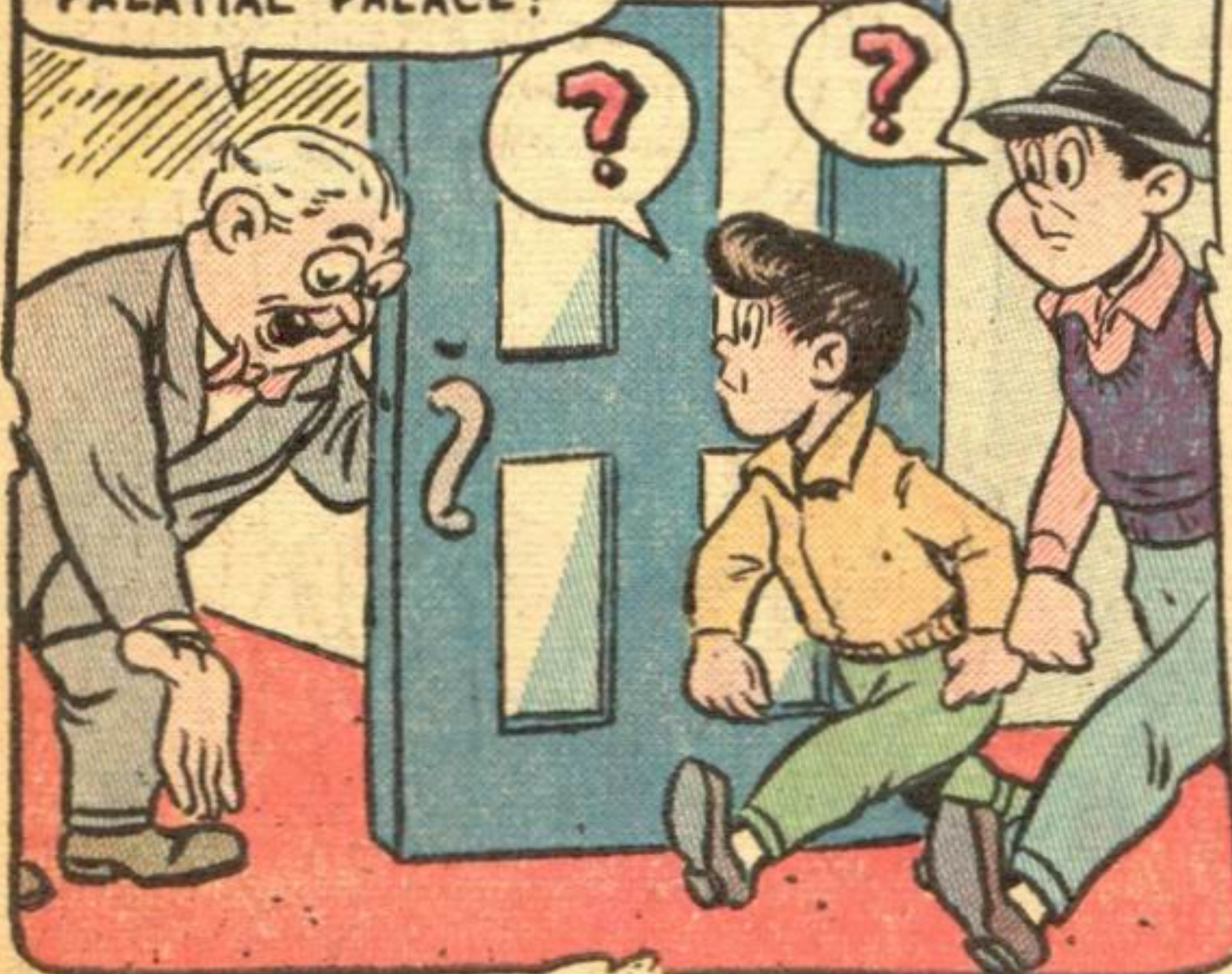
FINE, MOTHER! GOLLY! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! A REAL, LIVE SULTAN, COMING HERE!

R-RING!

THAT MUST BE HIM NOW!



ENTER, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS! AND ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES FOR MY HUMBLE ABODE! I'M SURE IT IS QUITE DIFFERENT FROM YOUR PALATIAL PALACE!



GEE, YA DON'T HAVE TA APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR HOUSE, MR. WITHERSPOON! I THINK IT LOOKS OKAY! IS ANGELPUSS HERE?

COOKIE!



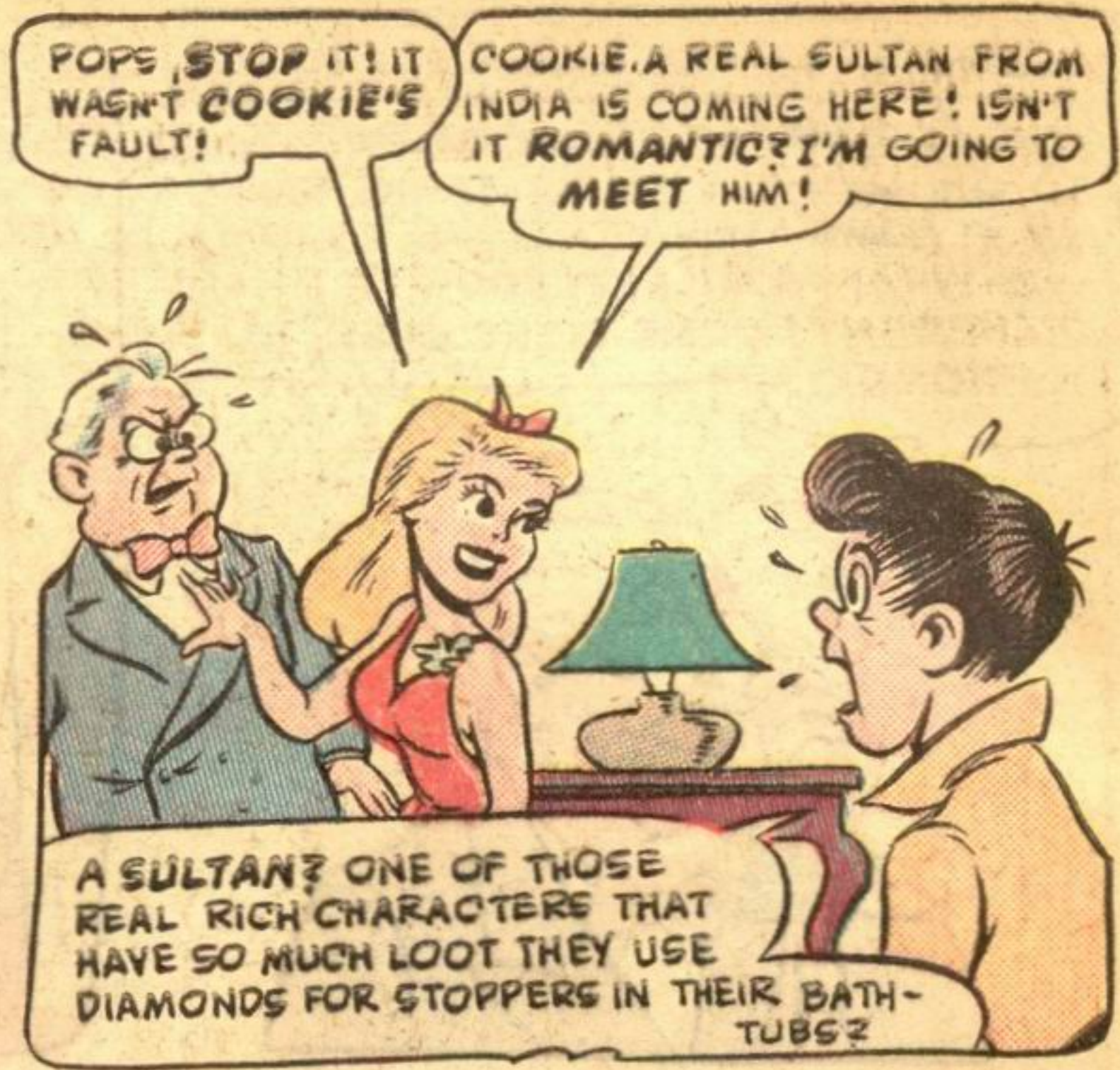




YOU YOUNG IDIOT! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LETTING ME MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF? I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE **SULTAN OF BACK-DOOR!**

WHAT? WHAT'D HE SAY? WHAT?

HE'S POPPED HIS CAP, COOKIE!



POPSY, STOP IT! IT WASN'T **COOKIE'S** FAULT!

**COOKIE**, A REAL SULTAN FROM INDIA IS COMING HERE! ISN'T IT **ROMANTIC**? I'M GOING TO MEET HIM!

A SULTAN? ONE OF THOSE REAL RICH CHARACTERS THAT HAVE SO MUCH LOOT THEY USE DIAMONDS FOR STOPPERS IN THEIR BATH-TUBS?



HOLY COW, ANGEL, WHY DO YA WANTA MEET A GONE GOON LIKE **THAT**? THOSE ARE THE GUYS WHO HAVE **HUNDREDS OF WIVES!**... C'MON, LE'S GO!

I'LL DO NO **SUCH THING**, **COOKIE O'TOOLE!**... I'M STAYING **RIGHT** HERE AND MEETING HIM!... YOU CAN WAIT FOR ME OR LEAVE, WHICHEVER YOU WISH!



OKAY, I'LL WAIT!... BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!

POPSY! THE DOORBELL! THAT MUST BE HE!

R-RING RING



MEESTAIR WITHERSPOON? ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY MASTER, THE EXALTED JEWEL OF THE EAST, HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY--**MOOLA, SULTAN OF BACKDOOR!**

PLEASED TA MEETCHA-ER... AH-**SULTAN!**... COME IN, COME IN!

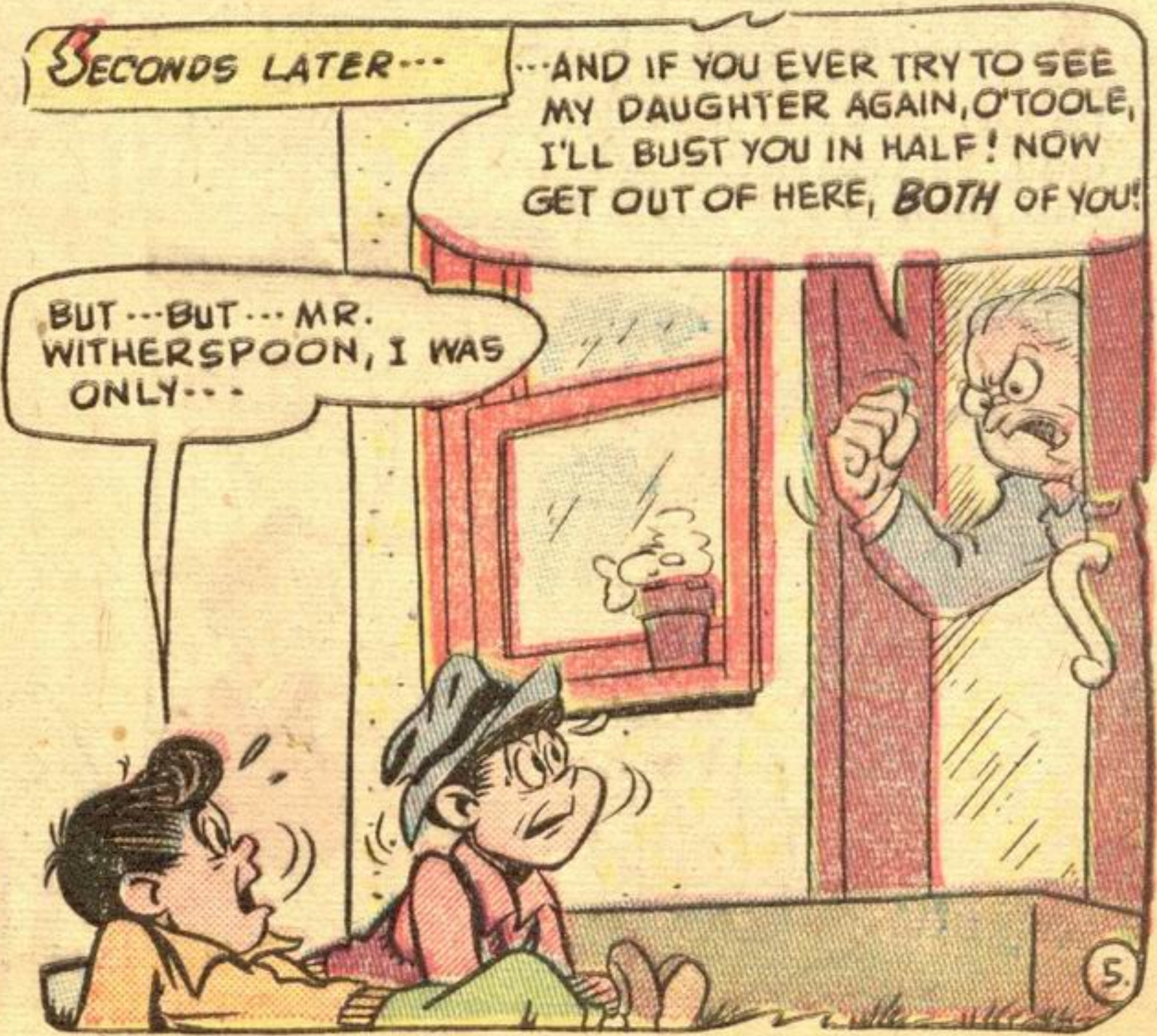
AL-LO, AFFENDI!



AFFENDI, I HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY TO BRING MY JEWELS WITH ME! YOU WILL PUT THEM IN YOUR BANK, NO?

WELL, THE BANK'S CLOSED, YOUR HIGHNESS, BUT BECAUSE OF THE ENORMOUS AMOUNT, I'LL DO IT! HOWEVER, WE'LL HAVE TO ATTEND TO IT LATER!... THE VAULT CAN BE OPENED ONLY BY ONE EMPLOYEE!

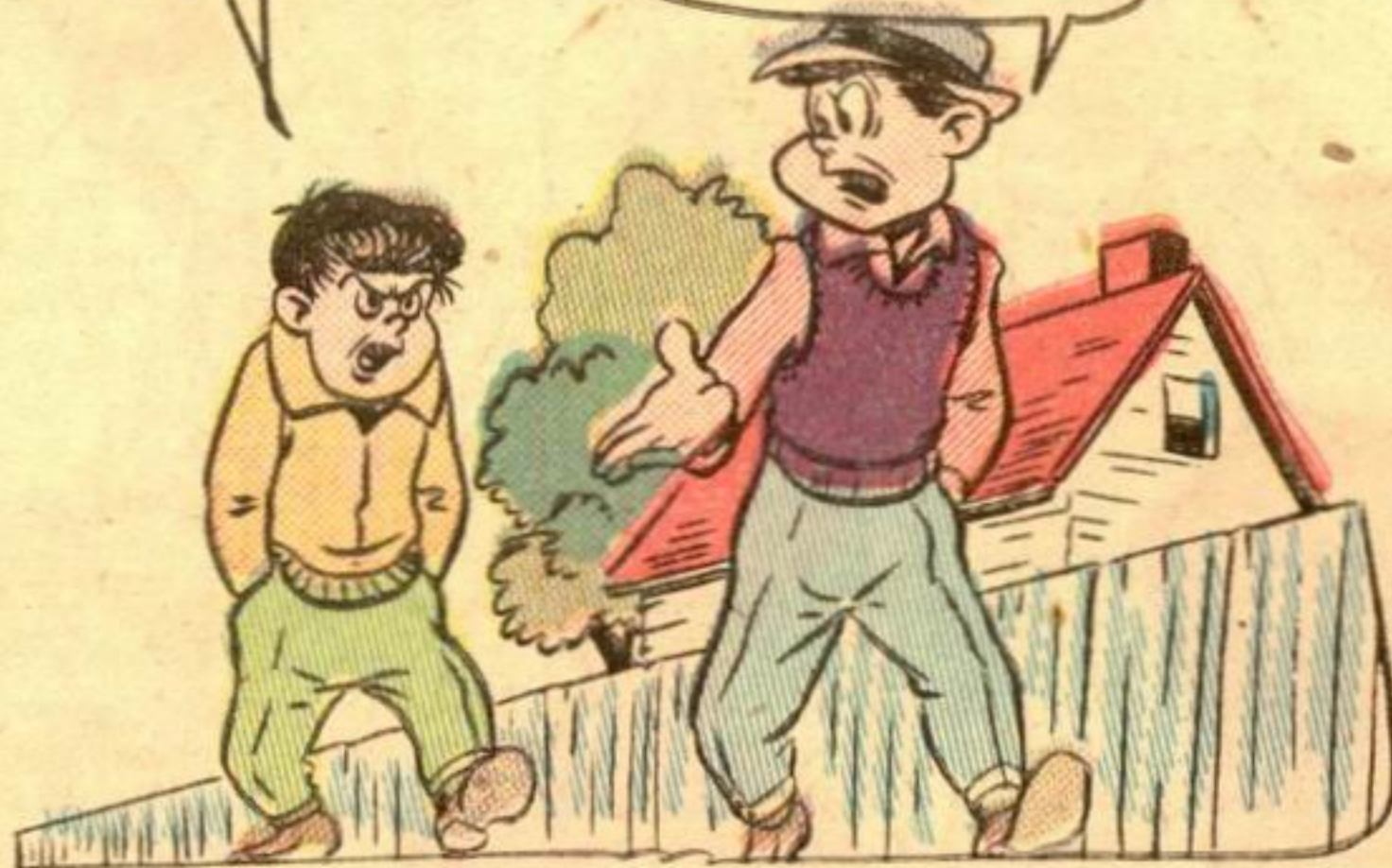






NOW I'VE LOST MY ANGELPUSS ...AND IT'S THAT JERKY SWAMI'S FAULT! S'HELP ME, JIT, I'M GONNA PUNCH THAT SQUARE RIGHT IN THE NOSE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

I DON'T BLAME YA, COOKIE, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT WITH ONE SOCK! ...THOSE GUYS ARE PRETTY TOUGH, Y'KNOW! AFTER ALL, THEY SLEEP ON BEDS OF SPIKES!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE ANGEL'S HOUSE...

I'M SORRY THAT HAPPENED, YOUR HIGHNESS! I---

THAT EEZ QUITE ALL RIGHT! NOW-ER-AH... WHEN CAN YOU PLACE MY VALUABLES IN YOUR BANK VAULT?



NOT UNTIL 7 TONIGHT! THE VAULT HAS A TIME LOCK AND CAN'T BE OPENED BY HAND UNTIL THEN!

WELL, EEF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL GO BACK TO MY HOTEL AND REST AND MEET YOU AT THE BANK AT THAT TIME!

YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T STAY FOR DINNER? ...BUT I THOUGHT...



MADAM IS MOS' KIND, BUT TOMORROW WE CAN ALL SPEND THE DAY TOGETHER! I WILL FEEL MORE AT EASE WHEN I KNOW MY JEWELS ARE SAFE!

OO! THAT'LL BE WONDERFUL!

PSST! ISN'T HE HANDSOME, MOTHER?



SO, SECONDS LATER...

I'M WAITIN' RIGHT HERE UNTIL HE COMES OUT AND THEN I'LL ...

COOK, LOOK! THERE HE GOES! HE MUSTA COME OUT THE SIDE DOOR!

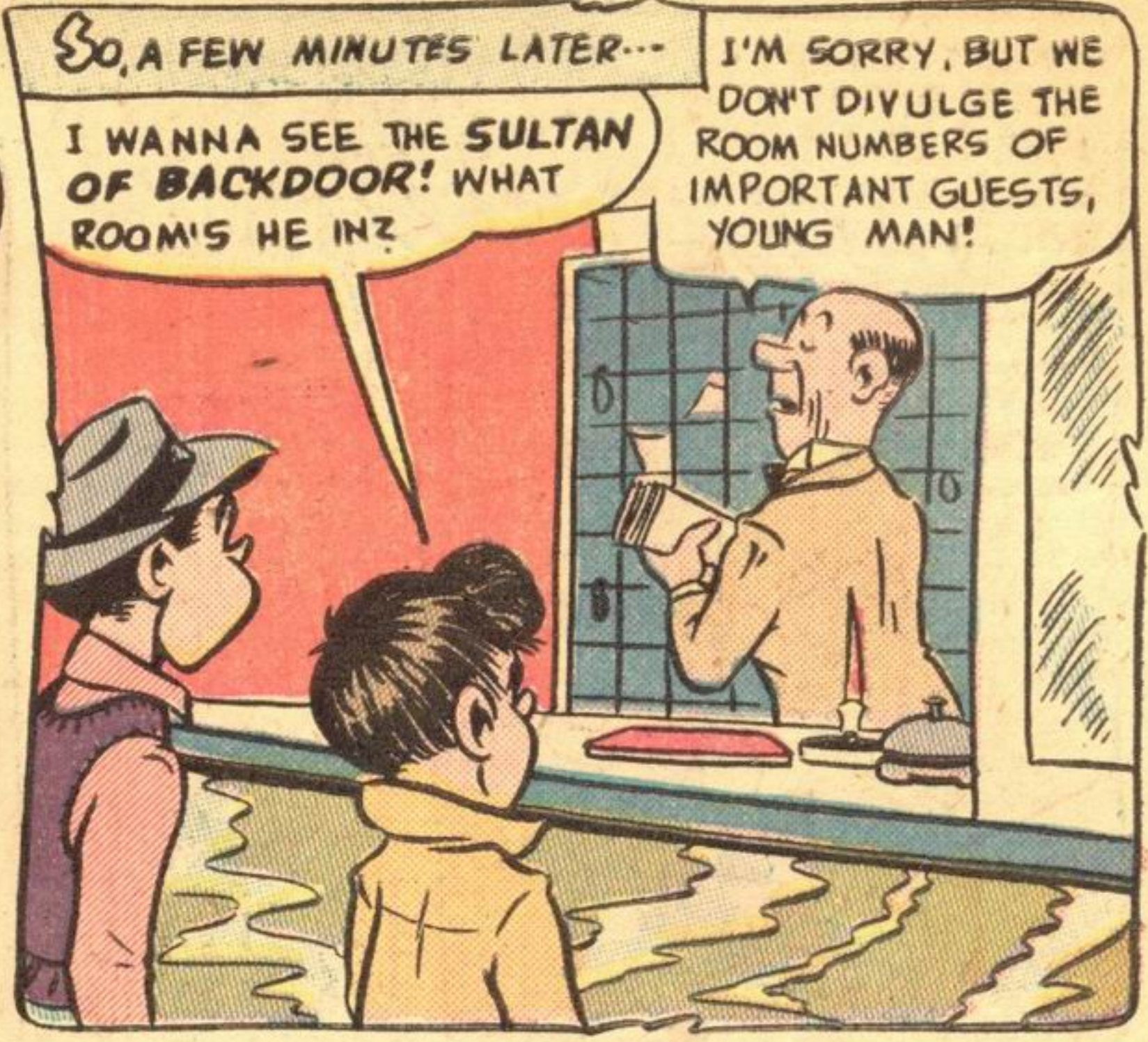
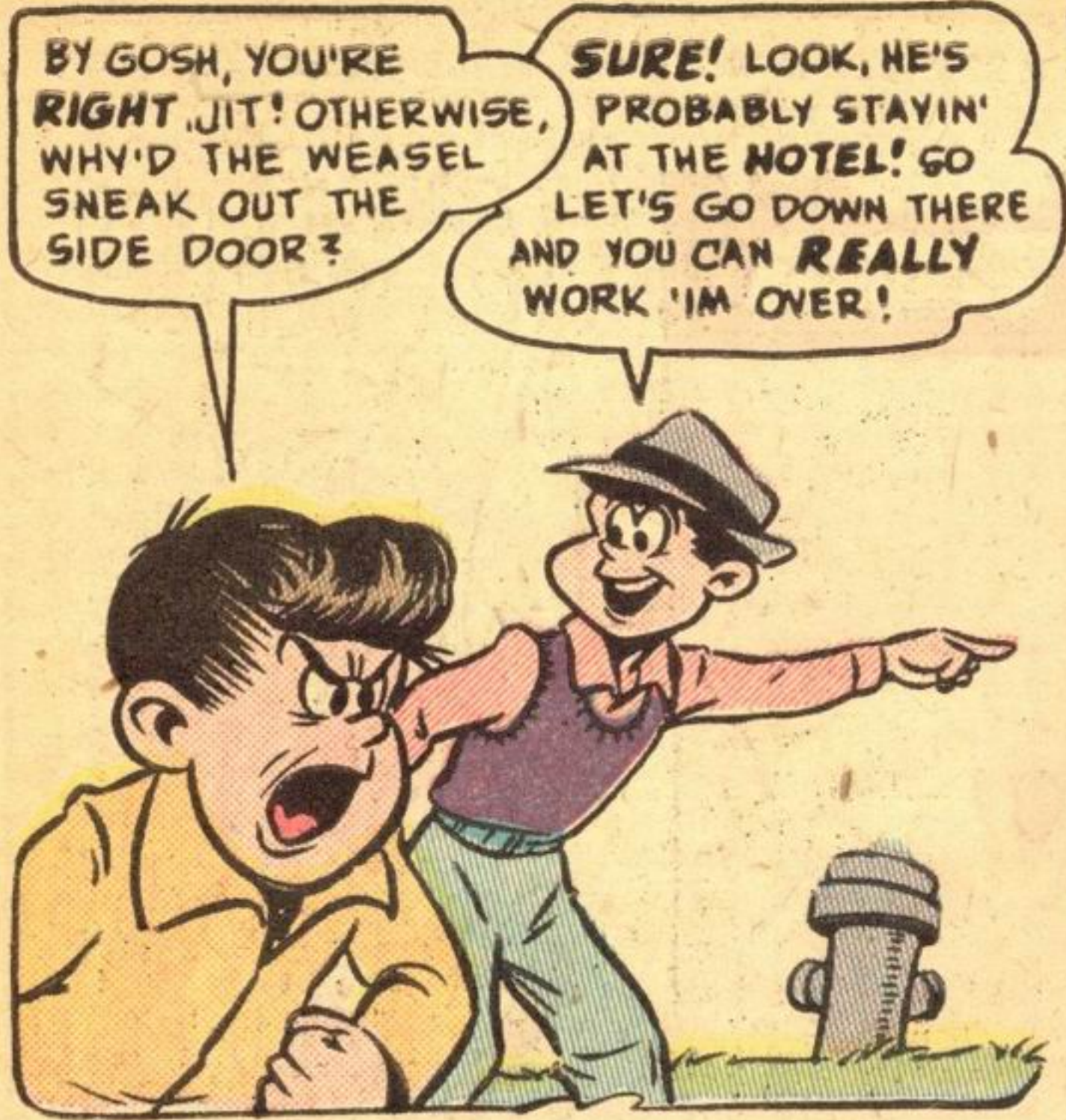


COME BACK AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN, Y' HEEL!

HEY, HOW ABOUT THAT, COOKIE? HE'S AFRAID OF YA! I'LL BET THAT JERK CAN'T PUNCH HIS WAY OUT OF A PAPER BAG!









WHEN THAT DOPE WITHERSPOON  
OPENS THE VAULT, WE SLUG  
HIM, CLEAN OUT THE  
VAULT AND TAKE A POWDER!  
GOT IT, BOYS?

RIGHT, SULTAN --  
HAW! I MEAN,  
TRIGGER!

HOLY HANNAH!  
THEY'RE  
CROOKS!

LET'S GET  
THE COPS!

FIRE  
ESCAPE

LET'S SEE IF WE  
CAN HEAR ANYMORE,  
JIT!

WHAT'S  
THAT?

MUST BE SLIMY  
SLIM! OPEN  
THE DOOR!

KLUNK

HEY!

OW!

IT'S THAT FRESH KID AND HIS FRIEND! THEY  
MUST'VE OVERHEARD US! ... GRAB 'EM, HARRY,  
WE'LL HAVE TO SILENCE THEM!

I'VE GOT 'EM COVERED!

WHAT'LL I DO  
BOSS, CONK 'EM?

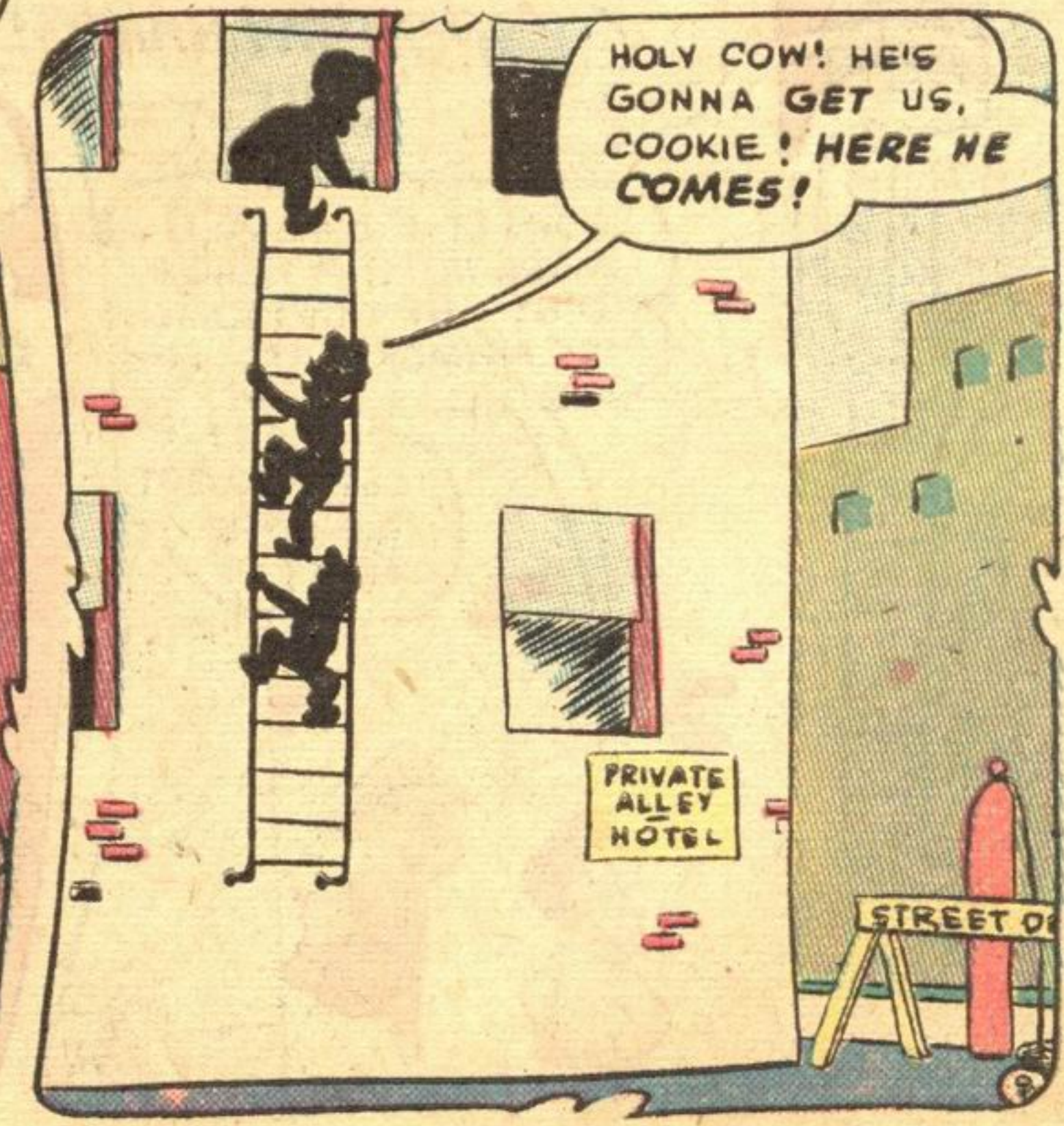
LOCK 'EM UP IN THAT  
CLOSET UNTIL I CAN  
MAKE UP MY MIND!

N-NOW LOOK,  
FELLAS! WE-WE...

SHUT UP AND GET IN THIS  
CLOSET, BEFORE I GET SORE!

HEY! I THINK I CAN  
GET US OUT OF  
THIS... IT'S WORTH A  
CHANCE, ANYWAY!







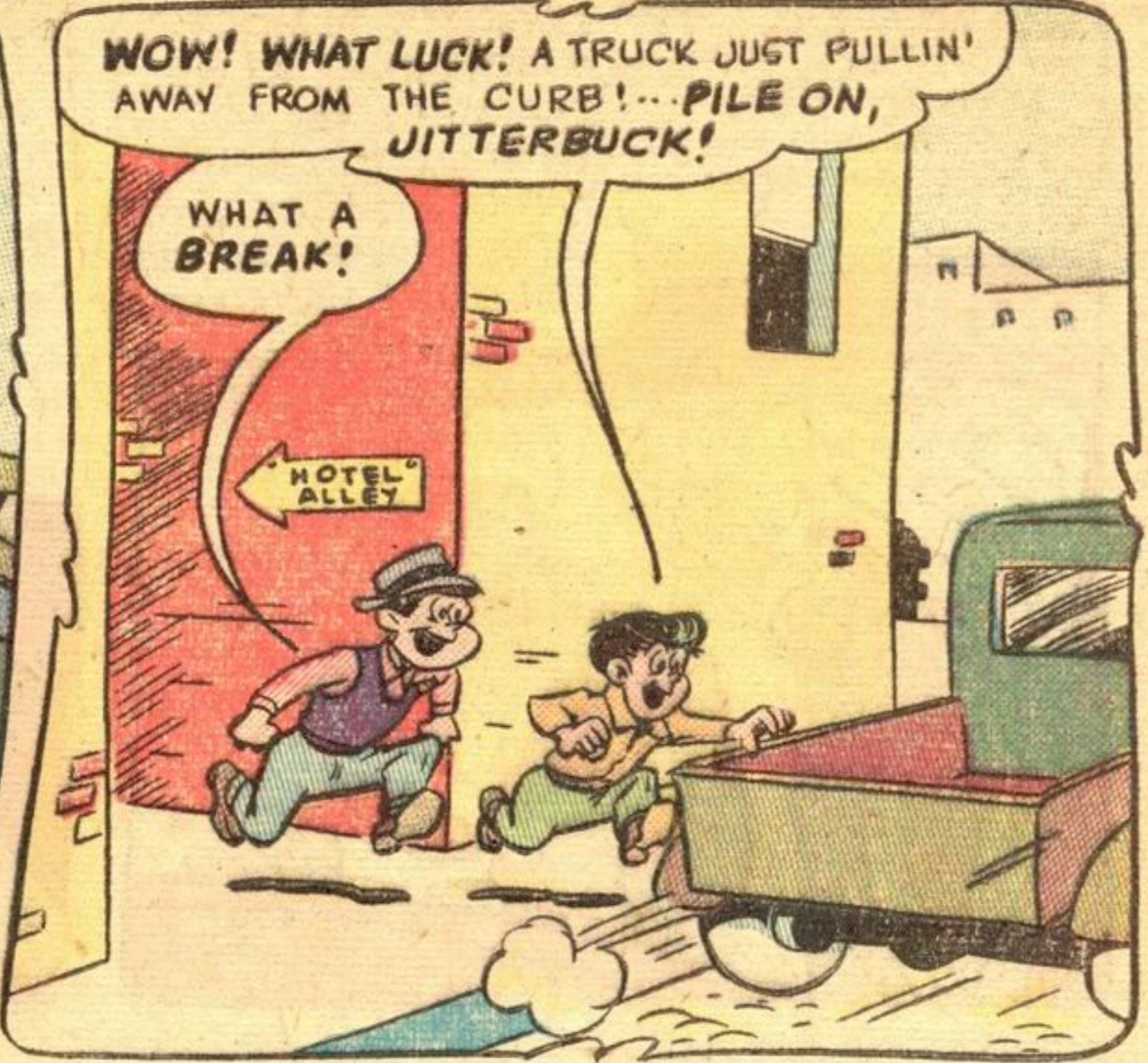






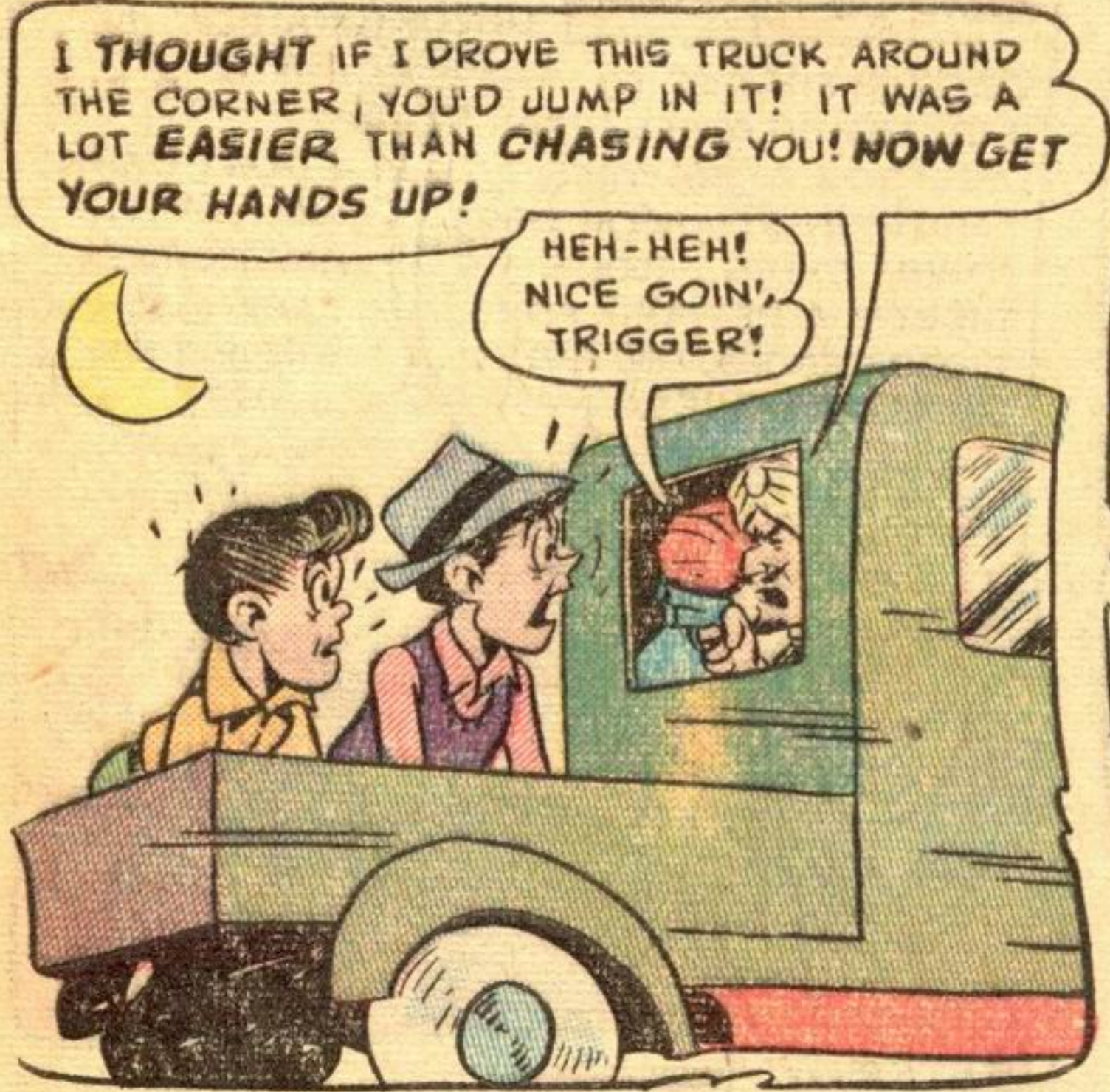
QUICK, JIT! OUT THE OTHER  
END OF THE ALLEY!

I HEAR YOU  
TALKIN'!



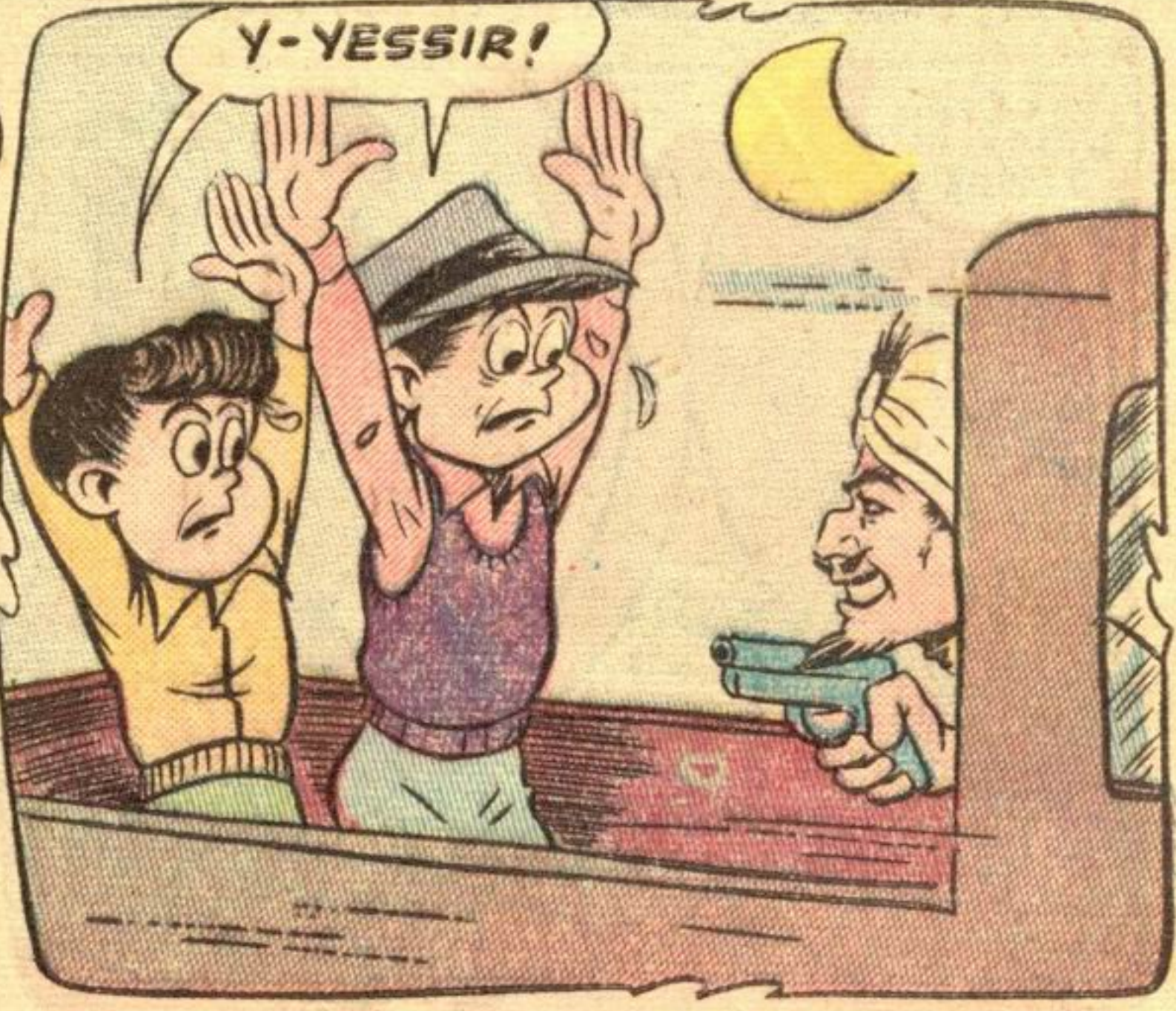
WOW! WHAT LUCK! A TRUCK JUST PULLIN'  
AWAY FROM THE CURB!... PILE ON,  
JITTERBUCK!

WHAT A  
BREAK!

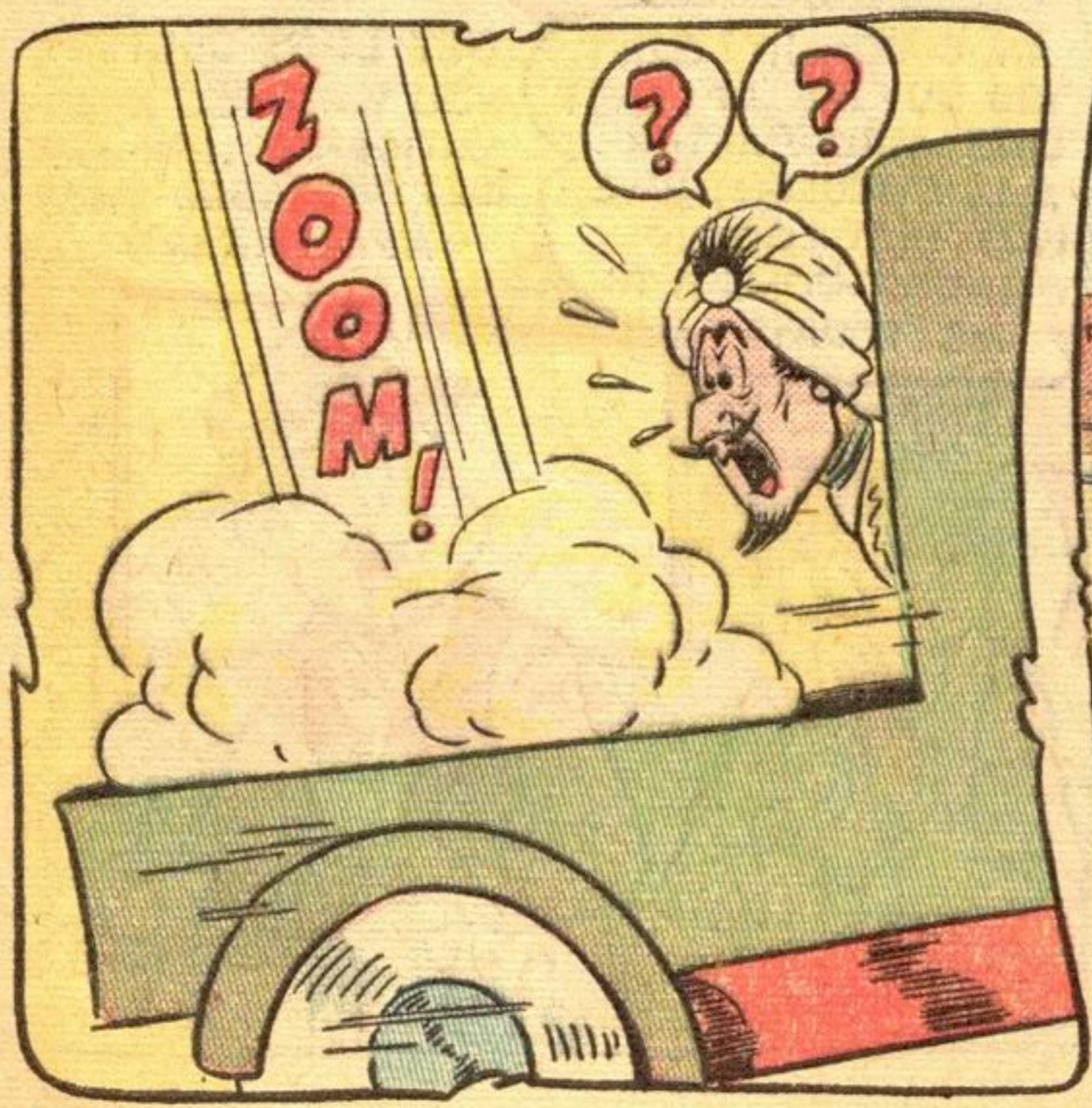


I THOUGHT IF I DROVE THIS TRUCK AROUND  
THE CORNER, YOU'D JUMP IN IT! IT WAS A  
LOT EASIER THAN CHASING YOU! NOW GET  
YOUR HANDS UP!

HEH-HEH!  
NICE GOIN',  
TRIGGER!



Y-YESSIR!



ZOOM!

? ?



WELL, FOR... HEY!  
WE'RE SAFE!

WODDA WE DO NOW?

GET THE  
COPS!

GO



**M**EANWHILE...

I TELL YA THEY  
DISAPPEARED RIGHT  
BEFORE MY EYES!

LOOK, IT'S ALMOST  
7 O'CLOCK NOW! WE  
CAN MEET THE OLD  
GENT AT THE BANK  
AND GET OUT OF TOWN  
BEFORE THOSE TWO KIDS  
CAN CAUSE US TROUBLE!



**N**OW BACK TO COOKIE AND JIT, AT THE POLICE STATION...

...AND WHEN MR. WITHERSPOON  
OPENS THE VAULT,  
**THEY'RE GONNA  
CLEAN IT OUT!**

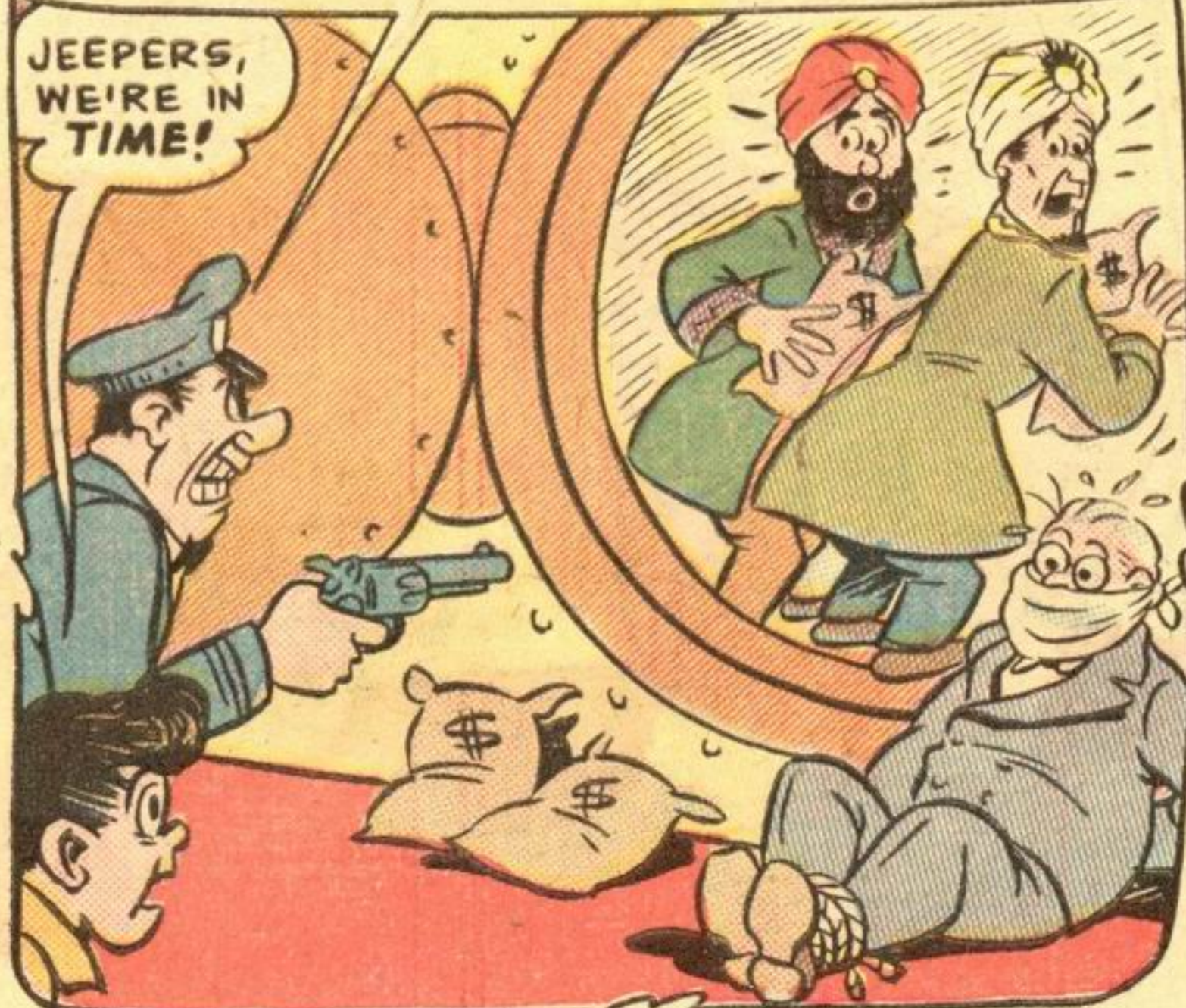
NO TIME TO WARN  
WITHERSPOON NOW!  
WE BETTER GO RIGHT  
TO THE BANK!

IT'S SULTAN SAM!...  
ALIAS TRIGGER TOM!



OKAY, DROP THE DOUGH! WE'VE GOT YOU, SULTAN!

JEEPERS,  
WE'RE IN  
TIME!



**A**ND SO...

UNFORTUNATELY,  
THERE ISN'T!

COOKIE, THANKS TO  
YOU AND JIT, YOU SAVED  
ME FROM BEING THE  
LAUGHING-STOCK OF THIS  
TOWN! CHIEF, I HOPE  
THERE'S A REWARD FOR  
THOSE CROOKS! THE BOYS  
DESERVE ONE!

I DON'T CARE!  
JUST GETTIN'  
ANGELPUSS  
BACK IS REWARD  
ENOUGH FOR  
ME!



**L**ATER...

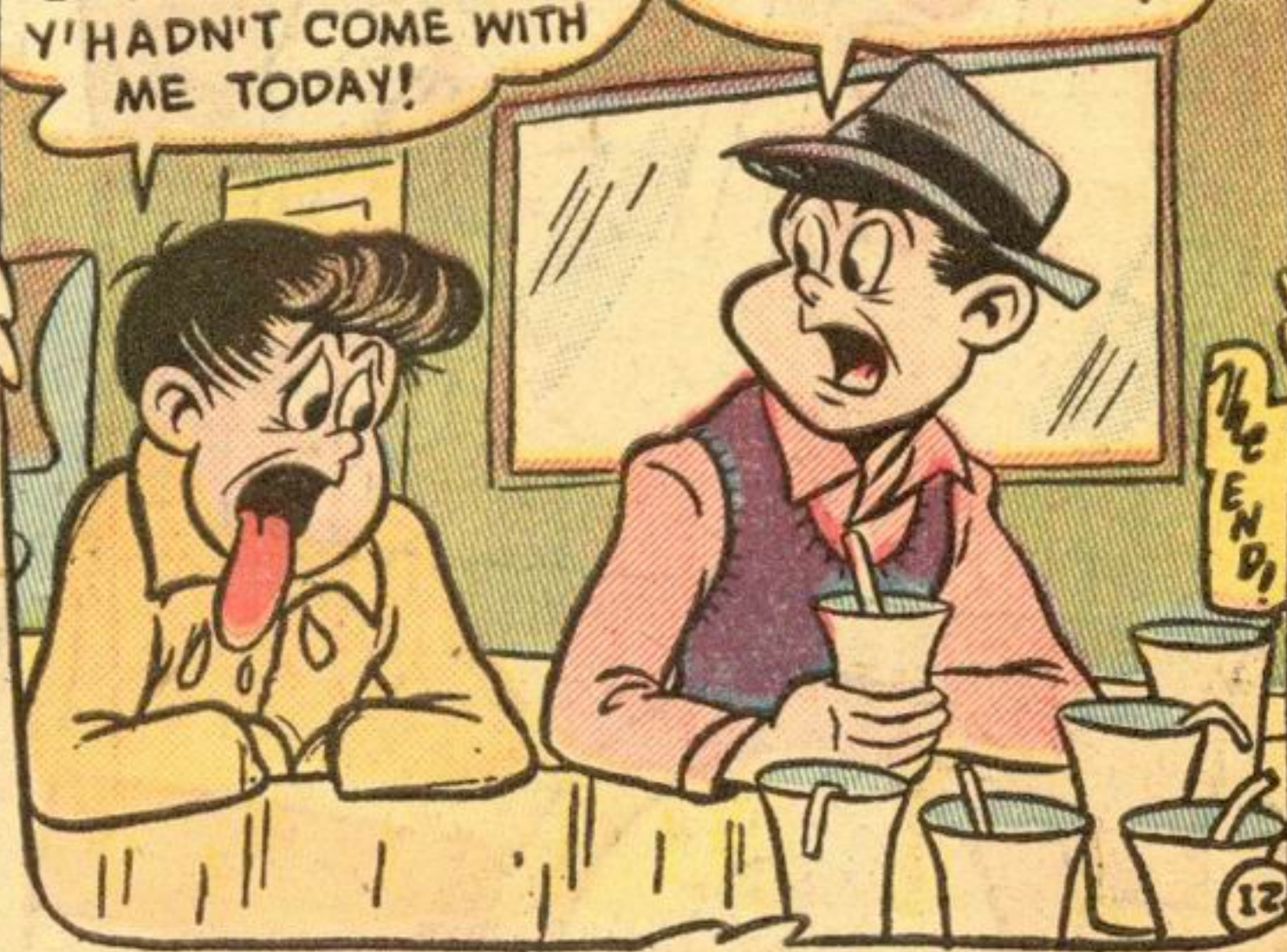
WELL, IF YOU GOT ANGEL FOR A REWARD,  
THEN POOR JIT GETS NOTHING! SO I'LL GIVE  
HIM TEN DOLLARS MYSELF AS HIS REWARD!

HEY, KEEN!



AW, C'MON, JIT! CAN'T  
YOU BUY ME AT LEAST  
**ONE MALT?** AFTER  
ALL, Y'WOULDN'T HAVE  
GOT THAT LOOT IF  
Y'HADN'T COME WITH  
ME TODAY!

GET LOST, BUSTER!  
YOU SAID YOU WERE  
SATISFIED WITH JUST  
GETTIN' ANGEL BACK  
...REMEMBER?



THE END!



**PHIL RIZZUTO**  
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE

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WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT  
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# Jit's WRONG NUMBER

A DEEP SIGH brought Jitterbuck's chest all the way up to his chin. "Ah, darn the rotten luck anyhow!" he said, kicking at the carpet. "Might's well call Cookie an' tell him to check me out!"

There was good cause for the misery that filled Jit's bosom. Here it was Saturday night, almost, the night of the gala dance, and he had nary a doll nor chick to drag to the festivities! Not a one! Though he'd called so many girls that his dad threatened to hold him responsible for the phone bill, Jit couldn't get a date!

"Must be somethin' wrong with me or...or...somethin'!" he muttered gloomily, as he dialed Cookie's number. "Well, I'll hafta tell Cook there'll be at least *one* empty seat in the ol' jalop tonight!"

At the other end of the line, a phone rang twice. Jit heard the receiver being lifted. In an effort to sound cheerful, he put a smile in his greeting, "Hi, Cook!"

"I...I beg your pardon?" The answering voice was puzzled and uncertain. What's more, it *wasn't* Cookie's!

Jit, a little unsure, asked, "Is Cookie O'Toole there?"

Again the voice, very soft and musical, with a sort of depressed sound to it, as though the owner were unhappy. "I'm afraid you have the wrong number!"

"Oh, sorry. Hope I haven't disturbed you, Miss," Jit said.

"That's all right." A deep sigh followed, so closely matching Jit's mood that his hand wavered in midair. He had been about to hang up, but...

"Look, Miss," he gulped, "this might sound kinda fresh, but my name's Jitterbuck Jones...that's my nickname, see...and we've lived in town a long time...maybe your pop knows mine or somethin'...and if you're fifteen or six-

teen years old...I mean...there's a dance tonight and...I'll be right over!"

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Jones so much as flickered an eyelash as their son shot out of the house like a jet plane taking off, slamming doors as he whizzed by! Nor did they so much as blink when, a half-hour later, he returned like a jet plane zooming down to earth, a radiant smile on his face, a melodic whistle on his lips.

"Hi, mom! Hi, dad! She's *pretty*! How do you like that for a wrong number? She's really a right number, though, 'cause I'm takin' her to the dance! Her folks say it's okay, even though we did meet when I called Cookie but made a mistake! Wow! What a doll!"

Dashing up the stairs, three at a time, Jit fell to bathing and brushing with more energy than he'd ever shown. And though neither of his parents had understood one word of his strange story, they never raised an eyebrow between them! After all, was there *anything* that Jit could do that would surprise them?

Gleaming and beaming, Jit came down the steps again, all spruced up for his date. "G'night, folks, I'll be home early," he said.

"Have a good time, son," dad said.

"Have fun," mother said.

In a happy haze, Jit left the house, which settled into a state of quiet behind him. But then, the front door flew open and Jit flew in, breezing across the living room towards the phone. "There's somethin' I meant to do before I left!" he said. Picking up the phone, he deliberately kissed it, a loud, enthusiastic smack.

"G'night, mom...g'night, dad!"

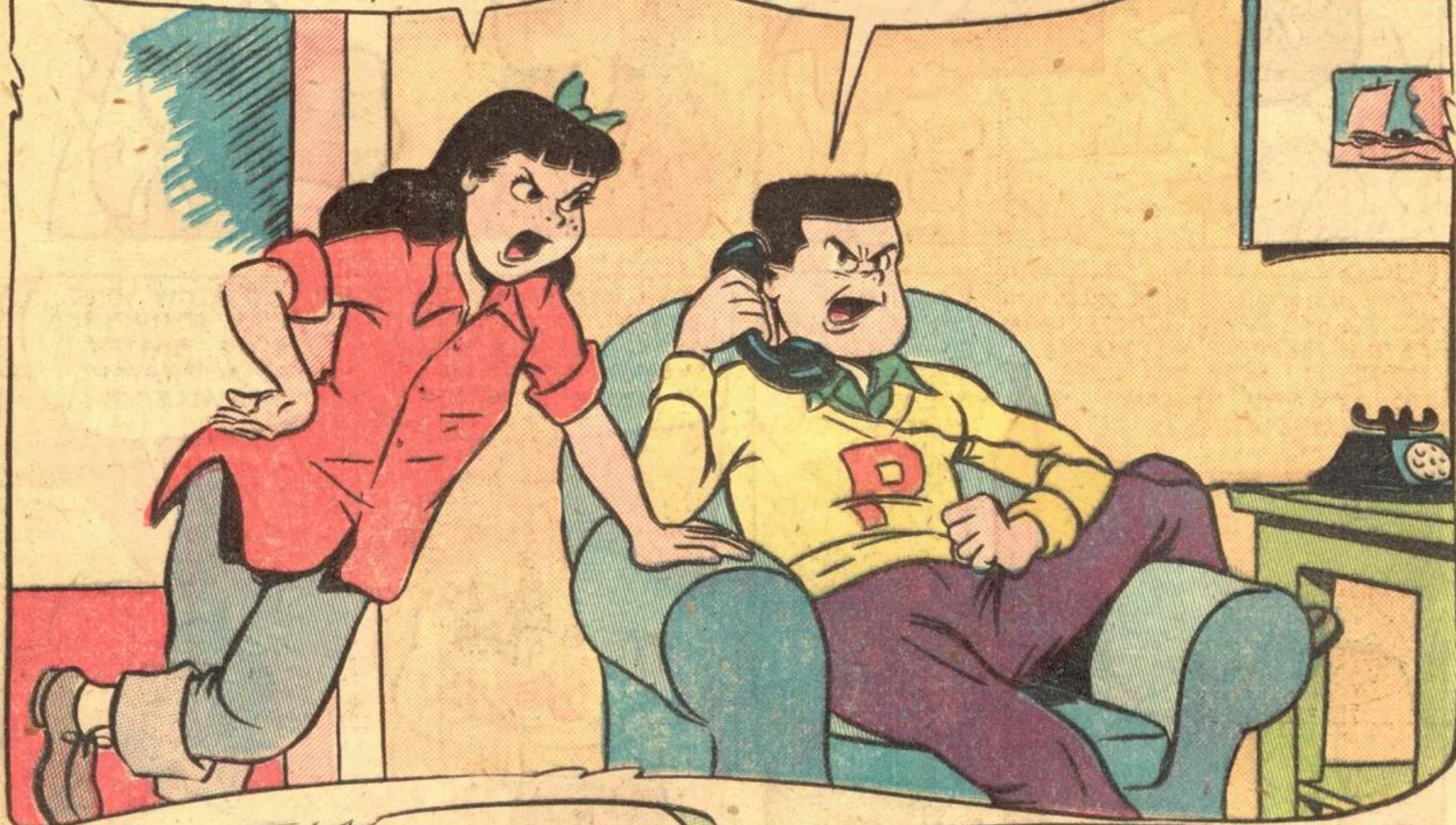
And for once, *both* Mr. and Mrs. Jones looked astonished!



# KID SISTER

C'MON! C'MON! GET OFFA THE PHONE, ROMEO! QUIT TALKIN' MUSH STUFF, AND HANG UP! I'VE GOTTA MAKE AN IMPORTANT CALL TO MY CHUM THELMA!

JUST A MINUTE, LOVE-DOLL! GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'! HOLD THE AMECHE! -- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



GET LOST, SMALL FRY! IF YA WANT TO YATA-TEE-YAT WITH YOUR CRADLE-DWELLIN' FRIENDS, JUMP ON YOUR KIDDIE-CAR AND RIDE OVER AND SEE 'EM! NOW BEAT IT-- YA GET IN MY HAIR!

BAW! MO-TH-ER!!! SQUARE-HEAD IS HOGGIN' THE PHONE AGAIN! MO-THER!!!







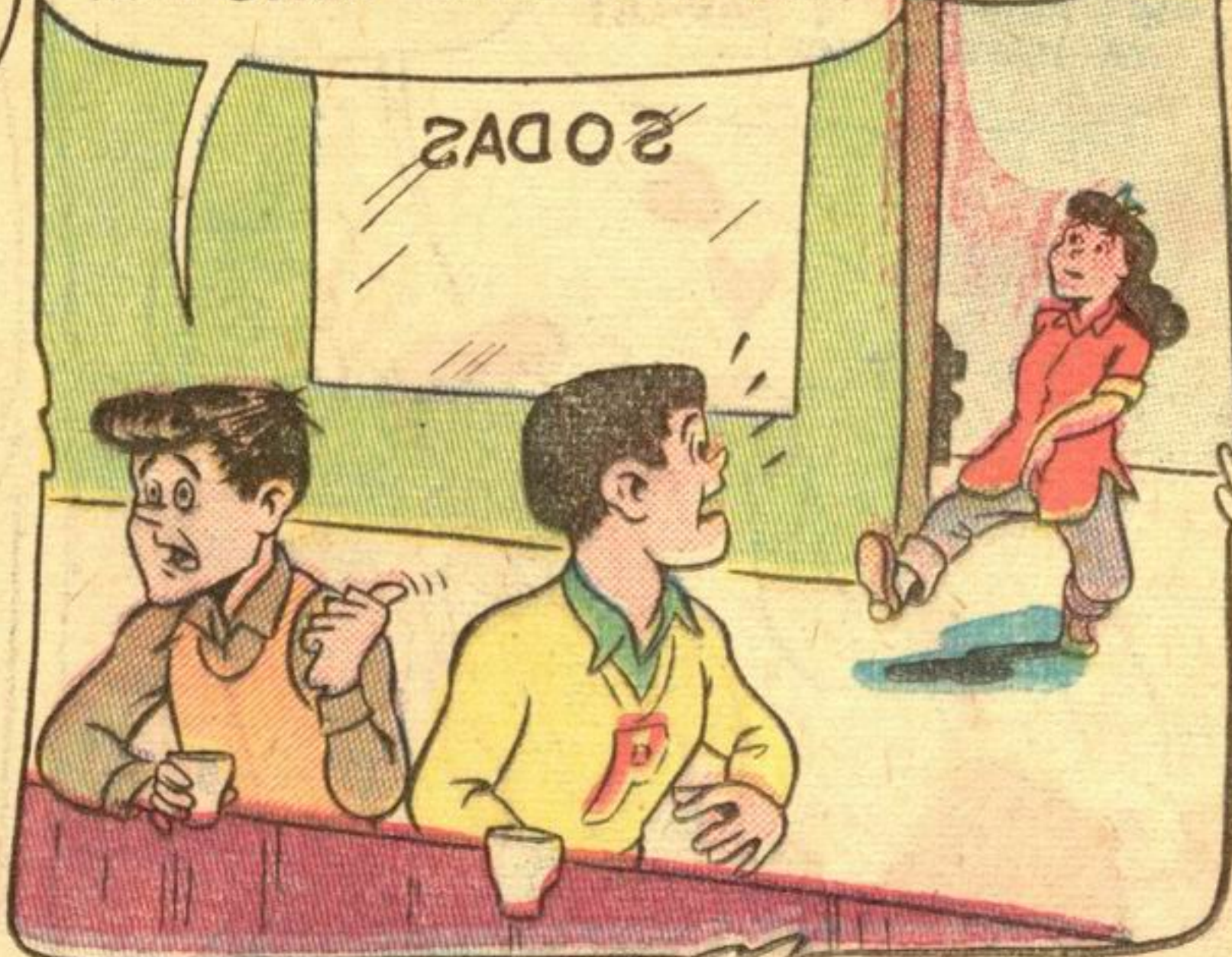


DON'T ASK ME! S'HELP ME, THAT ONE OF MINE AIN'T HUMAN! SHE WEARS MY SHIRTS, EATS TWICE AS MUCH AS ANYBODY ELSE, AND SPENDS THE REST OF THE TIME TRYIN' TA GET ME IN TROUBLE!

YEAH, THAT'S JUST THE WAY MINE IS! GIRL CREEPS LIKE THAT OUGHT TO BE PUT ON AN ISLAND TILL THEY GROW UP!



SPEAKIN' OF THE BLACK PLAGUE, LOOKIT THE EPIDEMIC THAT JUST BLEW IN THE DOOR! YOU BETTER GET VACCINATED, BUSTER -- IT'S THAT GERM THAT AFFECTS YOU!



HOLY COW! I LEFT THE HOUSE TA GET AWAY FROM YOU, AND NOW YA TAG ME DOWN HERE! I S'POSE YOU'RE GONNA SPY ON ME TO SEE HOW MANY COKES I DRINK SO YA CAN SQUAWK FOR AN ALLOWANCE AS BIG AS MINE!

I HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT, DOUBLE-UGLY, BUT IT'S A GOOD IDEA! -- BRING ME A DOUBLE MALT IN THE BOOTH, SPIKE!



WELL, DIG HER! -- BRING ME A MALT IN THE BOOTH, SPIKE! -- YOU'D THINK SHE WAS QUEEN ELIZABETH OR SOMETHIN'!

WHYNTCHA GO HOME AN' PLAY WITH YOUR DOLLS OR SOMETHIN' -- INSTEAD OF HAUNTIN' ME!

I DON'T HAVE TA! I'M MEETIN' THELMA AND HER COUSIN FROM SPARTAN CITY IN A COUPLE O' SECS, AND I CAN STAY HERE IF I WANT, KNOT-HEAD!



HI, CAROLINE!

LET'S FINISH OUR COKES AN' GET OUTA HERE! -- IT'S GETTIN' DEPRESSIN'!

HI! C'MON, I'M JUST HAVIN' A MALT!

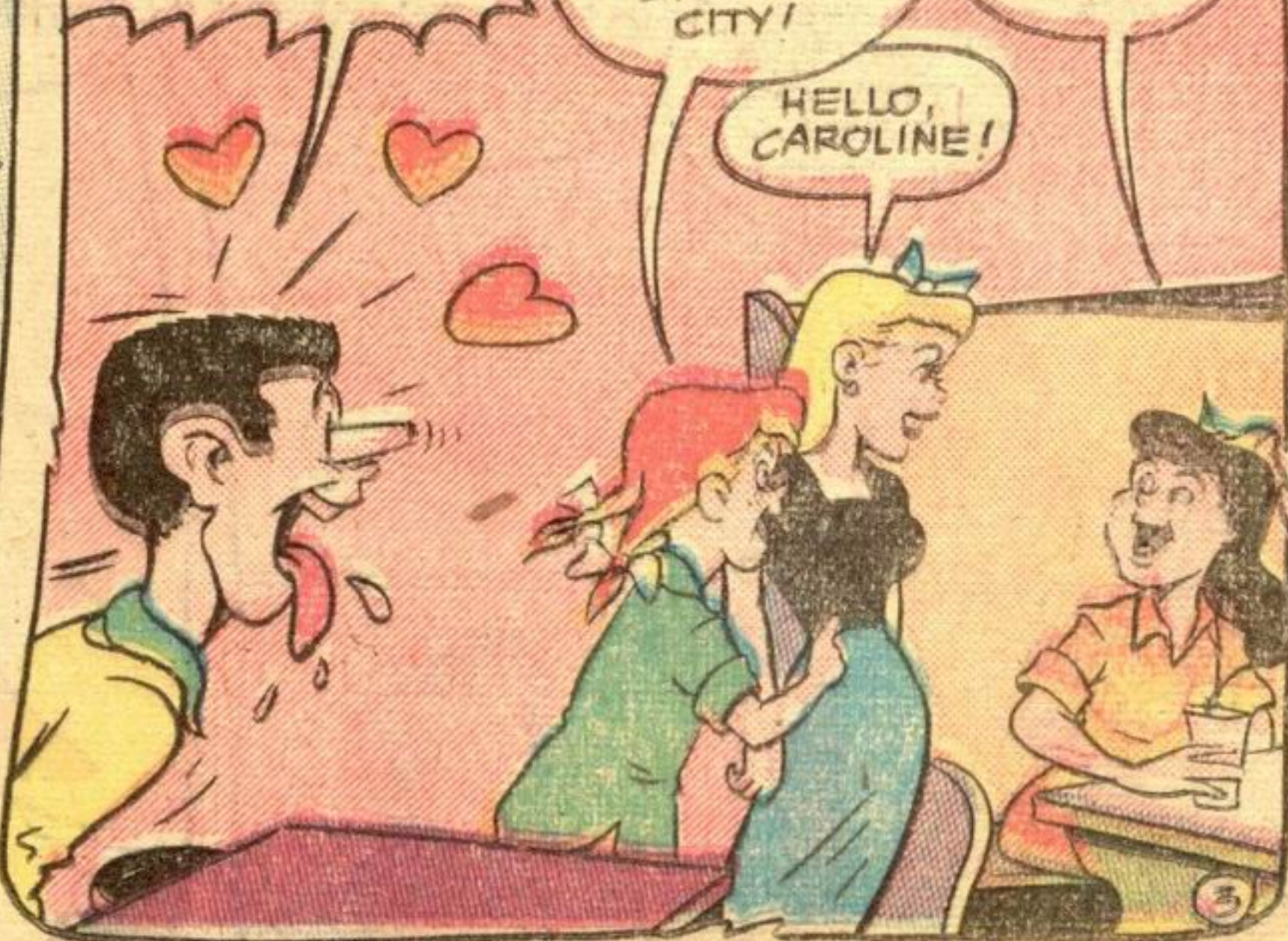


LOOKY, LOOKY, Loo-o-o-o-ky!

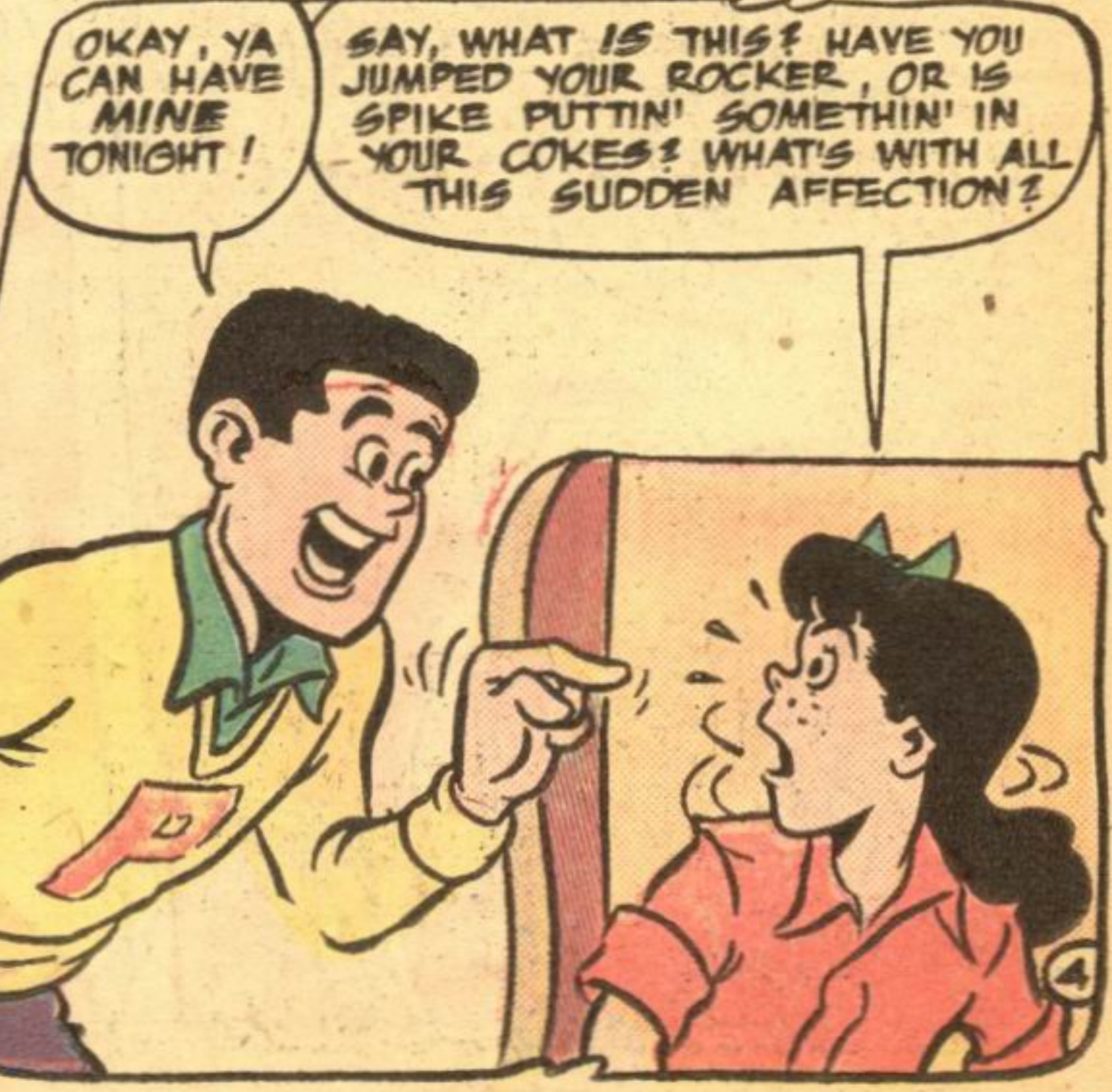
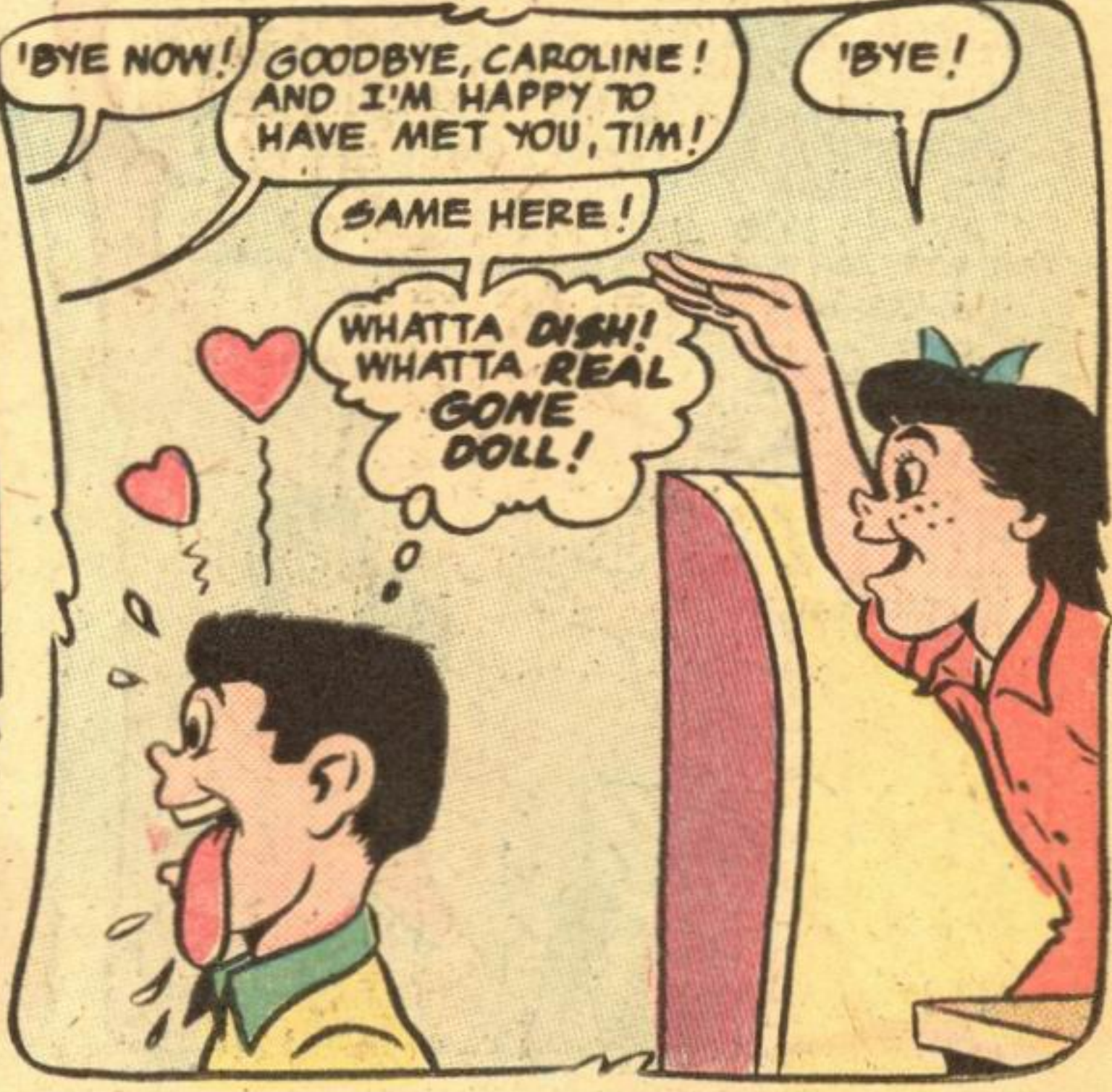
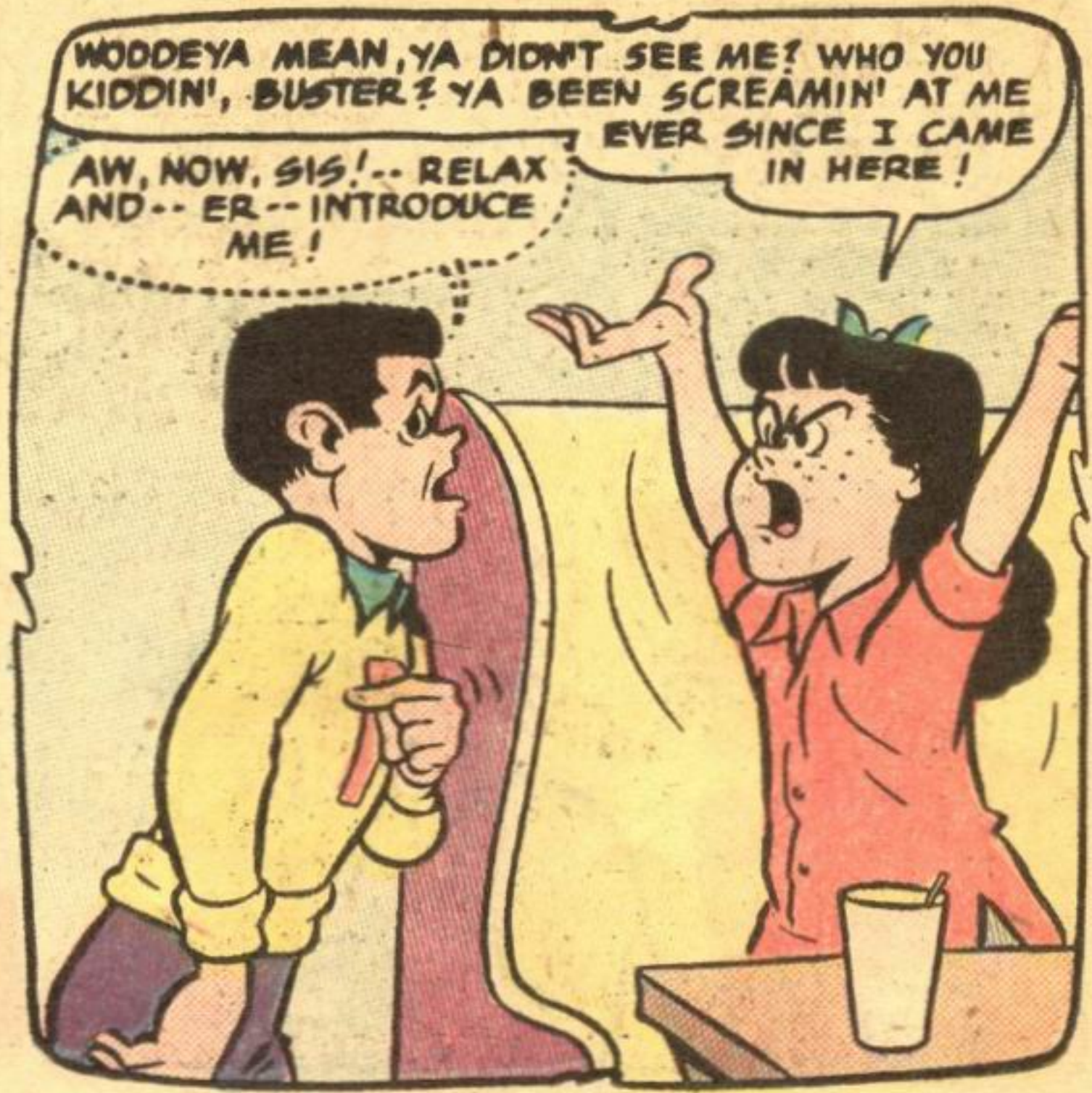
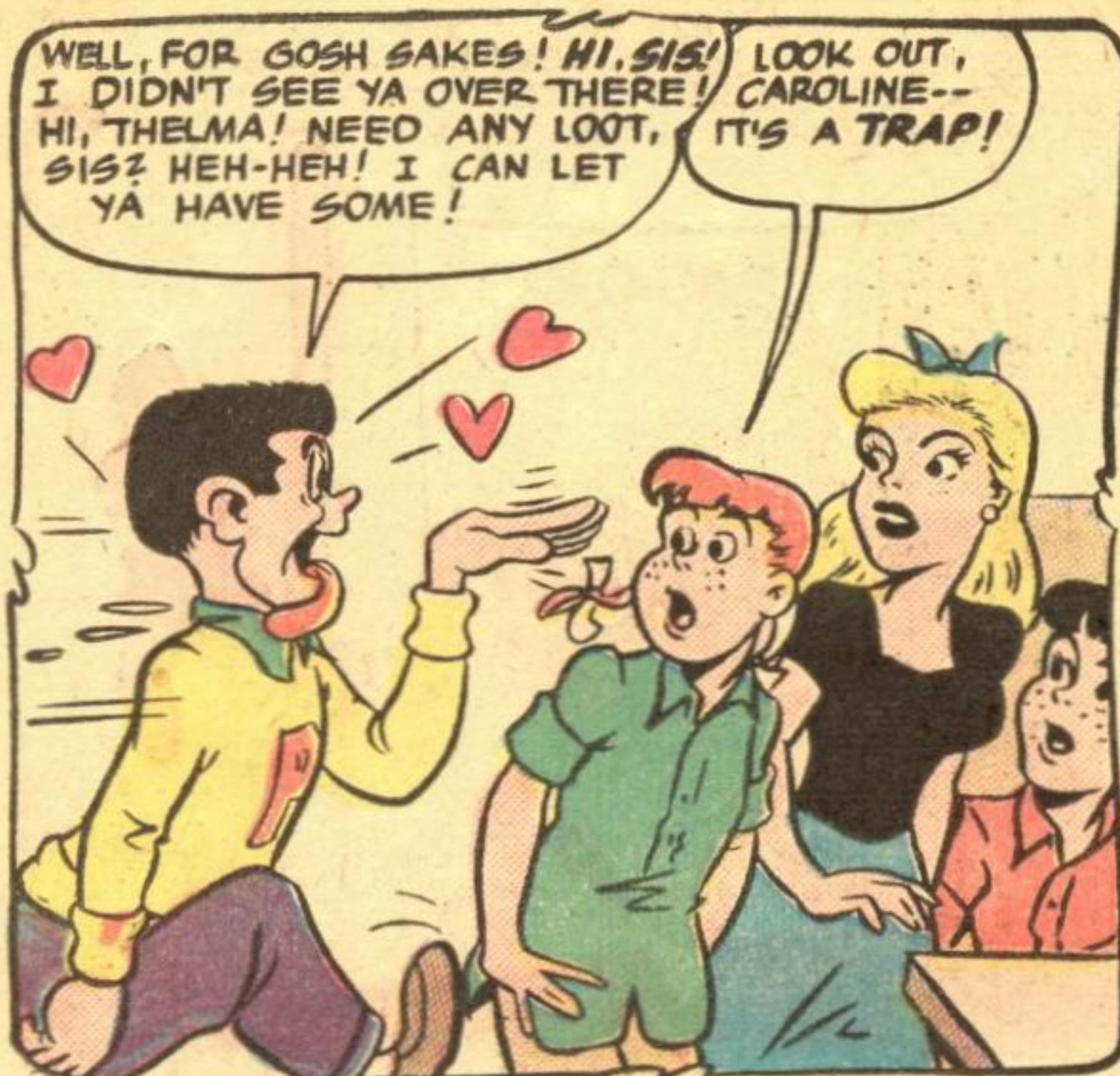
CAROLINE, THIS IS MY COUSIN TESS FROM SPARTAN CITY!

GOLLY! HI, TESS! SIT DOWN, KIDS!

HELLO, CAROLINE!









NOTHIN', SIS! NOTHIN'!  
I JUST REALIZED HOW  
MUCH I REALLY  
LIKED YA!

YEAH!-- SO ARE YA GONNA?

LIKED ME?

GONNA  
WHAT?

HEY, NOW I  
GET IT! I GET IT!  
IT'S TESS THAT'S  
THE BIG  
ATTRACTION!

GONNA ASK THELMA  
AND HER COUSIN  
OVER FOR SUPPER?

SORRY, DOUBLE-UGLY!  
I JUST CAN'T BRING  
MYSELF TO ASK  
'EM OVER!

AW, SIS! LISTEN!  
LISTEN, PLEASE!  
LOOK, I'LL BUY YA  
A MALT!

I JUST  
HAD ONE!

I'LL GIVE YA A COUPLA  
MY DORSEY PLATTERS!

WHAT ELSE?

WHAT ELSE? HOLY COW,  
WHAT ELSE HAVE I  
GOT T' GIVE YA?

I DUNNO! LET'S  
GO HOME AND  
FIND OUT!

SO...

HEY! THIS SHIRT IS  
SUPER, DOUBLE-UGLY!  
I'LL TAKE IT, TOO!

WHAT??? OH, NO! NOT THAT,  
TOO! I--I--ULP! OKAY,  
BUT YUH GOTTA CALL NOW!

IT'S A DEAL,  
O'NEIL!

Minutes Later ---

MO-THER! WOULD IT BE  
ALL RIGHT IF THELMA  
BRINGS ONE MORE IN  
ADDITION TO HER COUSIN?  
SOMEONE ELSE IS  
VISITING THERE  
TOO!

CERTAINLY, DEAR!  
THERE'S PLENTY!

WOW! I'M IN  
LIKE  
SCHWINN!

GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL!  
GONNA MEET HER AT  
SEVEN!



WELL, LOOKY! LOOKY! AREN'T YOU PURTY! HEY, MOM! LOOK AT THE WAY DOUBLE-UGLY HAS HIS HAIR COMBED! HE'S TRYIN' TO LOOK LIKE GREGORY PECK!

AWRIGHT! AWRIGHT! FORGET IT!

THE DOORBELL! IT'S HER! I'LL GET IT! I'LL GET IT!

WODDA CORNBALL!

**P-RING**

HI, CAROL! WHAT'S FOR DESSERT? SOMETHIN' GOOEY AN' SWEET, I HOPE!

HELLO, HELLO, LOVELY LADY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

WELL, THANK YOU, TIM, AND I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, TOO!

AND THIS IS MY HUSBAND, TIM! LIEUTENANT BILL LARK OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE! IT WAS AWFULLY SWEET OF YOUR SISTER TO ASK HIM, TOO! HE JUST GOT HIS LEAVE TODAY!

**YOUR HUSBAND!**

HI YA, SON! MIGHTY NICE OF YA ALL TO ASK ME OVER, TOO!

Later...

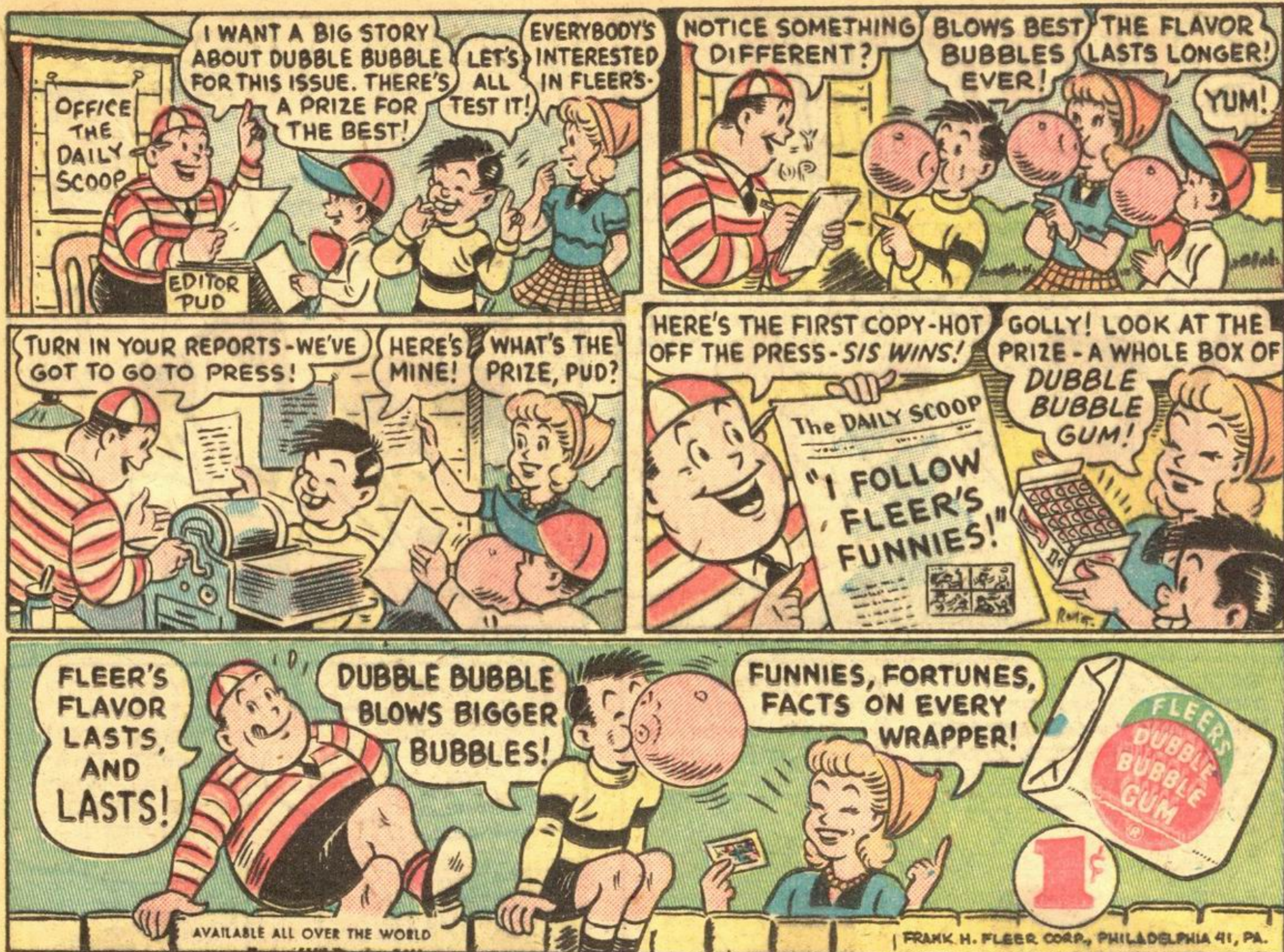
TIMOTHY, WILL YOU PLEASE STOP BEATING ON YOUR SISTER'S DOOR AND GO TO BED?

NO! NO! NEVER! NOT UNTIL SHE GIVES ME BACK MY STUFF! SHE CHEATED ME! SHE DELIBERATELY CHEATED ME!

I DID NOT! YOU OFFERED ME EVERYTHING I GOT! AND I KEPT MY END OF THE BARGAIN-- SO GET LOST, BUSTER!

The End





For recommended reading...



# AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



Packed with Laughs and Thrills...  
THE GREATEST GROUP  
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL  
.. REGULARLY ..

Read **AMERICAN!**



# SKITCH

HOLY HEP!  
I HAVE TO PART  
WITH THIS BUCK  
FOR A HAIR-  
CUT!

ME, TOO!

YOU'RE  
NOT ALONE!  
I GOTTA COUGH  
UP MY LOOT,  
TOO!

MAN! MAN!  
IF WE DIDN'T  
HAVE TA PART  
WITH OUR LOOT,  
WE COULD GET  
OUR CHICKS, GO  
DOWN TO THE JUKERY  
AND **REALLY COOK  
UP A STORM** WITH  
**THREE** PIECES  
OF GOLD!

HEY! YOU CATS  
ALLUS GET A  
**FLAT-TOP "BUTCH"**  
HAIRCUT, LIKE  
I DO ---  
DON'TCHA?

SURE!  
WHY?

BECUZZ I KNOW  
HOW WE CAN GET OUR  
**"BUTCH" HAIRCUTS,**  
AND **KEEP OUR LOOT!**

NO KIDDIN' ?  
WELL, LET'S  
GET WITH  
IT!

**M**INUTES LATER----

RIGHT WITH  
YA, SKITCH!

HURRY UP WITH  
THOSE NAIL  
KEGS, CATS!  
I'VE GOT THE  
BOARDS, AND  
WE'RE READY  
TO START!

**L**ATER....

HEY! **THANKS,  
SKITCH!** SEE YOU  
CATS AT THE JUKERY!

REET! SOON'S I  
FINISH JOE, HE'LL DO  
ME, AND WE'LL BE  
RIGHT WITH YA!

HEY, **KEEN,** HEY! THIS  
IS **TWICE** AS FAST AS A  
BARBER COULD GIVE ME  
A "BUTCH"--AND IT'S  
JUST AS **GOOD!**

THE END



# COOKIE *and the* MASTER BRAIN

COOKIE WAS TAKING Angelpuss Witherspoon to the movies, a combination of a girl and activity that made him very happy! What was more wonderful than Friday night, with a great, big weekend ahead of you, a brand-new movie to see, and the girl of your dreams on your arm! It was keen, it was super, it was terrific...

Only Angel *wasn't* on his arm! She had suddenly walked off to look at a large poster in front of the Bijou. "Look at this," she called to Cookie. "He's making a special appearance tonight! His name is...Mr. Brain!"

Cookie resented the light in Angel's eyes as she stared at the picture on the poster. Mr. Brain appeared to be a tall, slim man in faultless evening attire, his eyes dark and intense in his handsome, brooding face. His hands were upraised, all ten fingers stretched in front of him, as though about to seize two handfuls of air.

"Aah, hypnotists!" Cookie said scornfully. "They're a big bunch o' fakes, Angel! Bet'cha he couldn't hypnotize a...a.../ly!"

His voice petered out weakly as he and Angel found a pair of seats and seated themselves in the theater just as the curtain rose on the very man of the poster picture! Mr. Brain was even more intense than his picture represented him to be, and his voice was like soothing syrup, rolling out in rippling waves towards his audience.

"If I could have some volunteers..." he coaxed. Two boys and a middle-aged man joined Mr. Brain on the stage. Raising his hands so that his fingers stretched towards them, he hypnotized them, and ordered the middle-aged man to recite a poem.

To the vast amusement of the audience, the gentleman recited "The

Village Blacksmith" with many gestures, and a squeaky voice such as he must have had as a lad. Then Mr. Brain ordered one of the boys to do a triple somersault, which he did, while the third volunteer imitated a clucking hen at the hypnotist's command.

Everyone applauded wildly, especially Angelpuss, who kept saying, "Isn't he handsome? Isn't he clever? Isn't he wonderful?"

"G'wan, he's a phoney!" Cookie snorted. "Whaddaya bet all those people were stooges, who were just makin' out they were hypnotized? Mr. Brain, huh! Nothin' but a lot of tricks an' crooked..."

"Your attention, please!" Mr. Brain was addressing the audience, a hurt look on his lean face. "I have reason to believe that there is one among you who *doubts* the truth of my art! This pains me, ladies and gentlemen! Something tells me that this doubter's name is...can it *really* be?...Cookie O'Toole! I beg Mr. O'Toole to let me convince him that there is nothing pre-arranged in my performance!"

"There! You see?" Angel whispered. "Go ahead, Cookie, it's only fair!"

As Cookie moved towards the stage, determined not to allow Mr. Brain to hypnotize him, he had no idea that in the balcony, Zoot was bent double with laughter! Nor had he any idea that Zoot had sent Mr. Brain a note, after spotting Cookie in the audience! "Boy, will he make a fool of himself in front of Angel!" Zoot howled.

Onstage, Cookie faced Mr. Brain. "Ready?" asked Mr. Brain, his fingers curving towards Cookie. Resist as he might, Cookie's lids became heavier and heavier and his thoughts seemed to be far, far away. "You will entertain our friends by singing and dancing!"



the hypnotist ordered.

And Cookie obeyed! He sang, so loudly that no microphone was necessary. He also did an imitation of Fred Astaire. In fact, he had such a swell time, trance or no trance, that he had to be dragged off the stage so that the movie might begin! Mr. Brain, recalling him to real life once more, said he'd never seen anyone go under so fast! "It's as though you were half-asleep to begin with!" he said.

On the way home from the movies, Cookie discovered a new respect for the art of hypnotism. "It's a science, see?" he told Angel. "Boy, it must be great to be able to do things like that!"

Even after he'd seen Angel home and was on his way to his own house, Cookie continued to reflect on the miraculous performance he'd seen that night. "I'd give plenty to be able to...who's that?" he called.

A tall, lean figure stepped out from Cookie's own doorway.

"Mr. Brain!" there was awe in Cookie's voice.

"My boy, I have sought you out because you have a talent that is rare! How would you like to learn the art of hypnosis...to be my assistant?"

"Gee!" Cookie's answer was unmistakable agreement.

Mr. Brain's eyes burned, his fingers stretched towards Cookie. Cookie's lids grew heavy. "What is your command, master?" he asked.

"You will retire as usual, calling no attention to yourself!" Mr. Brain ordered. "At midnight, you will awaken, dress quietly and steal out of the house. I will be waiting for you! You will then lead me to the home of the richest man in this town! Go!"

Cookie went! Following Mr. Brain's orders without a hitch, he went to sleep and slept soundly until midnight. Then, still in a trance, he arose, dressed, and stole silently from the house.

"Here I am!" Mr. Brain's voice was

a whisper. "Lead on!"

Obediently, Cookie turned his footsteps towards the Witherspoon home. Undoubtedly, Angel's pop was the richest man in town. The strange pair crossed the Witherspoon lawn in complete silence. "In through a window," commanded Mr. Brain. Quietly, they entered the living room, the carpet cushioning their footsteps.

"Help me gather up these things!" the master-mind hissed. "Hurry!" He had started to collect silver ornaments from the tables. "Hurry!"

Suddenly, Cookie's eyes flew open and he yelled loudly, "No!" With one leap, he was upon the hypnotist, slugging away for all he was worth! "Help! Somebody! Burglars!" he yelled.

Mr. Witherspoon, struggling into a bathrobe, came dashing down the steps, and after him, Mrs. Witherspoon! And there was Angel, her hair in curlers, but looking like her name in a flowing housecoat.

Mr. Brain tried to shake Cookie off, to dash to a window, but Cookie clung and pummeled away, forcing the master-mind to the floor. By this time, Mr. Witherspoon had called the police, his voice so loud that the phone wasn't even necessary!

By the time Mr. Brain was arrested, Mrs. Witherspoon was no longer faint, Mr. Witherspoon was shaking Cookie's hand and calling him a brave lad, and Angel was standing on tip-toe to kiss him worshipfully.

Only Mr. Brain was baleful and angry. He had forgotten one of the first rules of hypnosis. And that was that people will never do anything under hypnosis that they would not do while completely conscious. "I figured you were half-conscious to start with!" he snarled at Cookie.

"Well, you were *wrong*!" Angel retorted. "For your information, Cookie O'Toole is a hero...my hero!" And this time, Cookie kissed Angel!



# COOKIE

ER... UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM  
TO P-PUBLIC SPEAKIN'...

SCHOOL  
ASSEMBLY  
10 A.M.  
COOKIE O'TOOLE  
WILL TALK ON  
TALKING

COWARD!

HI, COOKIE! TICKLIN' THE  
ADENOIDS WITH CRUSHED  
ICE CREAM, HUH?

IF YA MEAN AM I  
HAVIN' A MALT ...  
THE ANSWER'S YES,  
JITTERBUCK!

ER... MISTER JERK! GET OUT  
YOUR Mallet AND START BEATIN'  
BLAZES OUT SOME OF THAT  
STIFF CHOCOLATE-FLAVORED  
STUFF FOR ME TOO, HUH?

SAVE THE FUNNY  
TALK, FUNNY MAN!  
JUST ASK FOR A  
MALT AND LET IT  
GO AT THAT!

ERKERIE  
SODA





OKAY! GIMME A MALT...  
AN' CHARGE IT!

SPECIAL!  
MAKEOUT  
SUNDAY 25¢



LISTEN! YA SEE THAT SIGN? IT SAYS **NO CREDIT!** AND THAT MEANS **YOU** AND ALL THE REST OF THE CATS AROUND HERE!

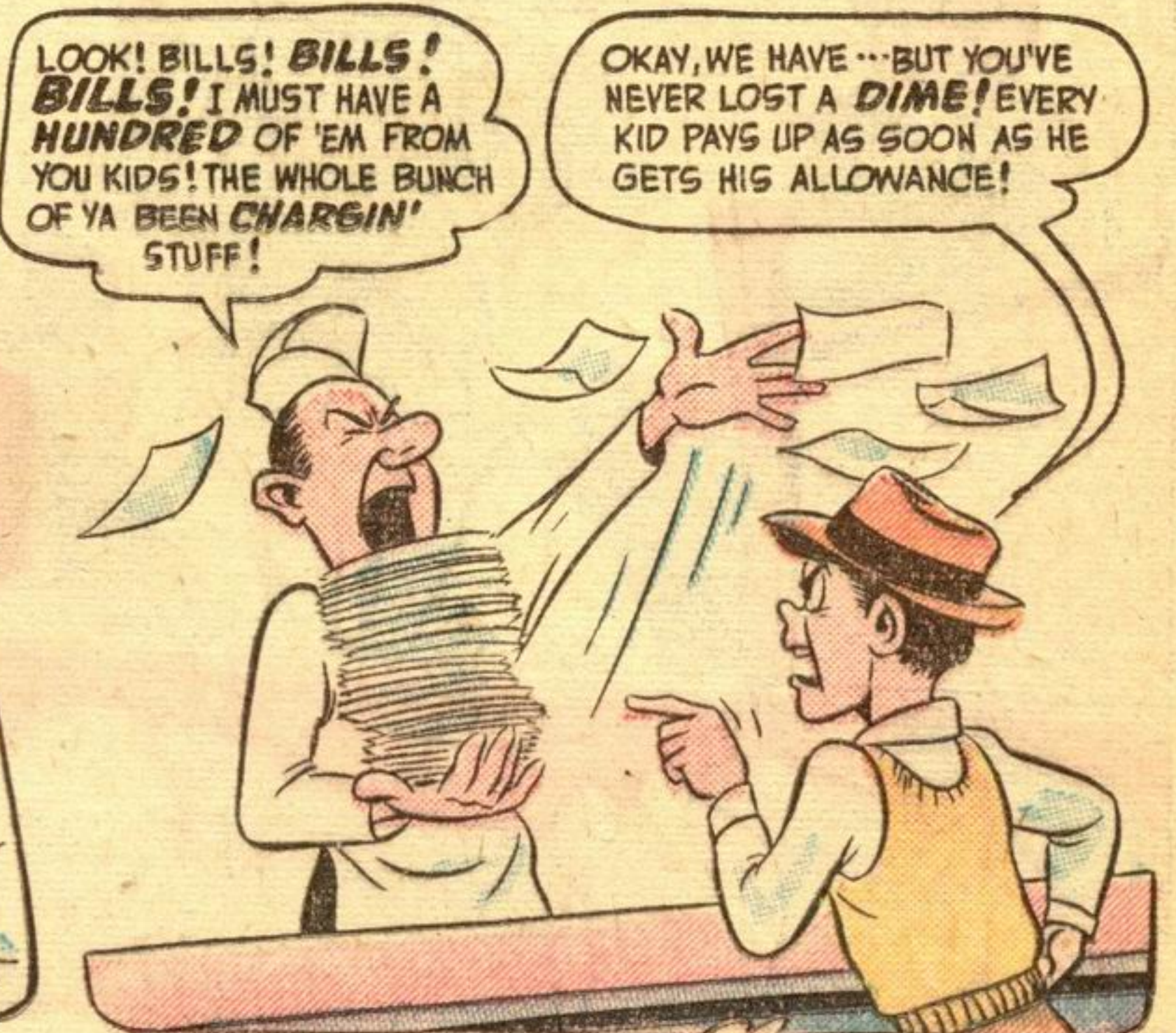
NO MALT,  
HUH?

NO MALT!



JEEPERS, WHEN DID YA PUT  
**THAT** UP? YA ALLUS USED  
TO GIVE US CREDIT!

YESTERDAY!



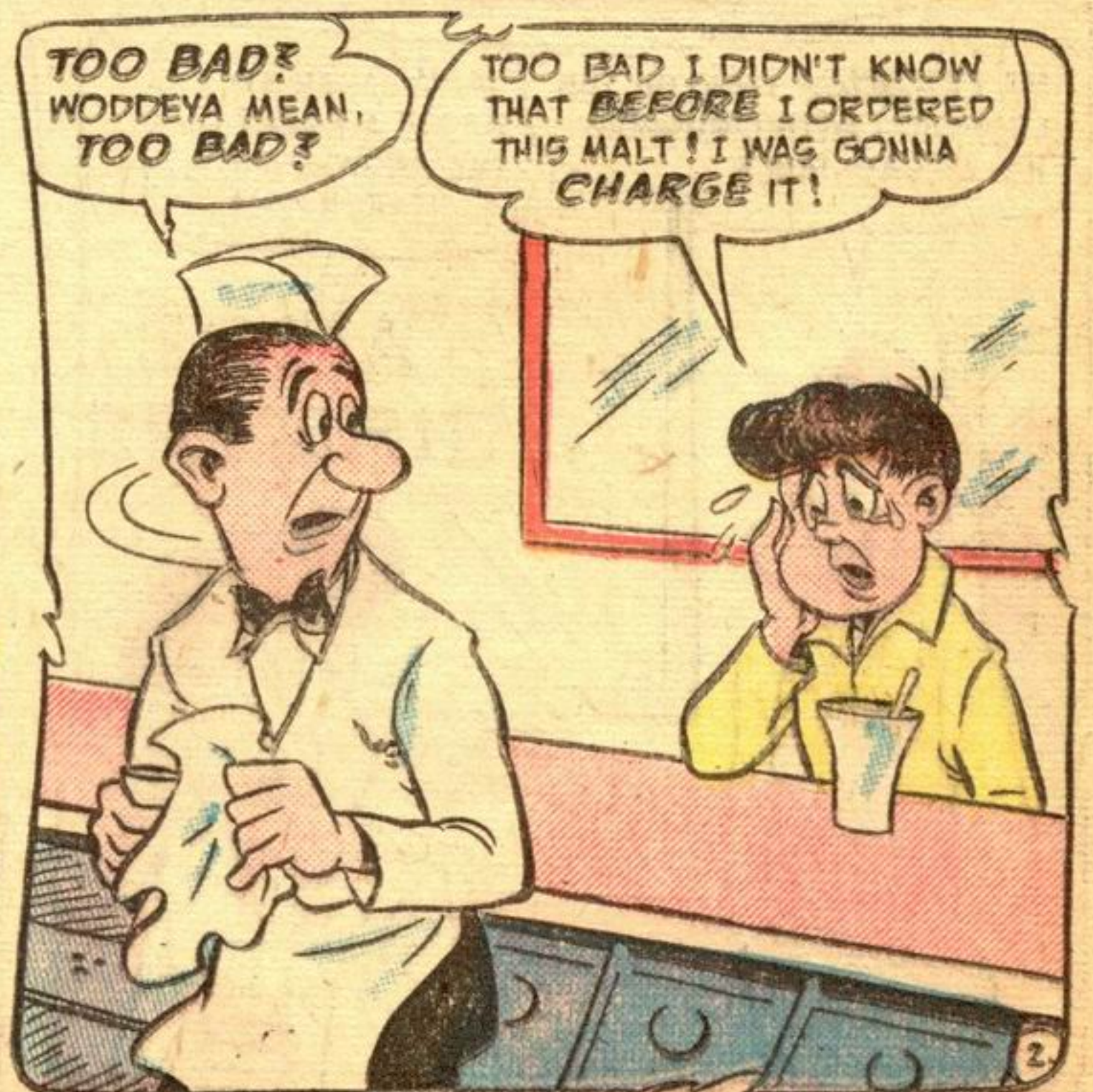
LOOK! BILLS! **BILLS!**  
**BILLS!** I MUST HAVE A  
**HUNDRED** OF 'EM FROM  
YOU KIDS! THE WHOLE BUNCH  
OF YA BEEN **CHARGIN'**  
STUFF!

OKAY, WE HAVE... BUT YOU'VE  
NEVER LOST A **DIME!** EVERY  
KID PAYS UP AS SOON AS HE  
GETS HIS ALLOWANCE!



**SURE!** BUT AS SOON AS THEY  
DO, THEY CHARGE **TWICE** AS  
MUCH STUFF RIGHT AWAY!...  
FROM NOW ON... **CASH!**

GOLLY, THAT'S  
TOO BAD!



TOO BAD?  
WODDEYA MEAN,  
TOO BAD?

TOO BAD I DIDN'T KNOW  
THAT **BEFORE** I ORDERED  
THIS MALT! I WAS GONNA  
**CHARGE IT!**



# SODA

THAT'S THE LAST STRAW!  
OUT YA GO... BOTH OF YA!



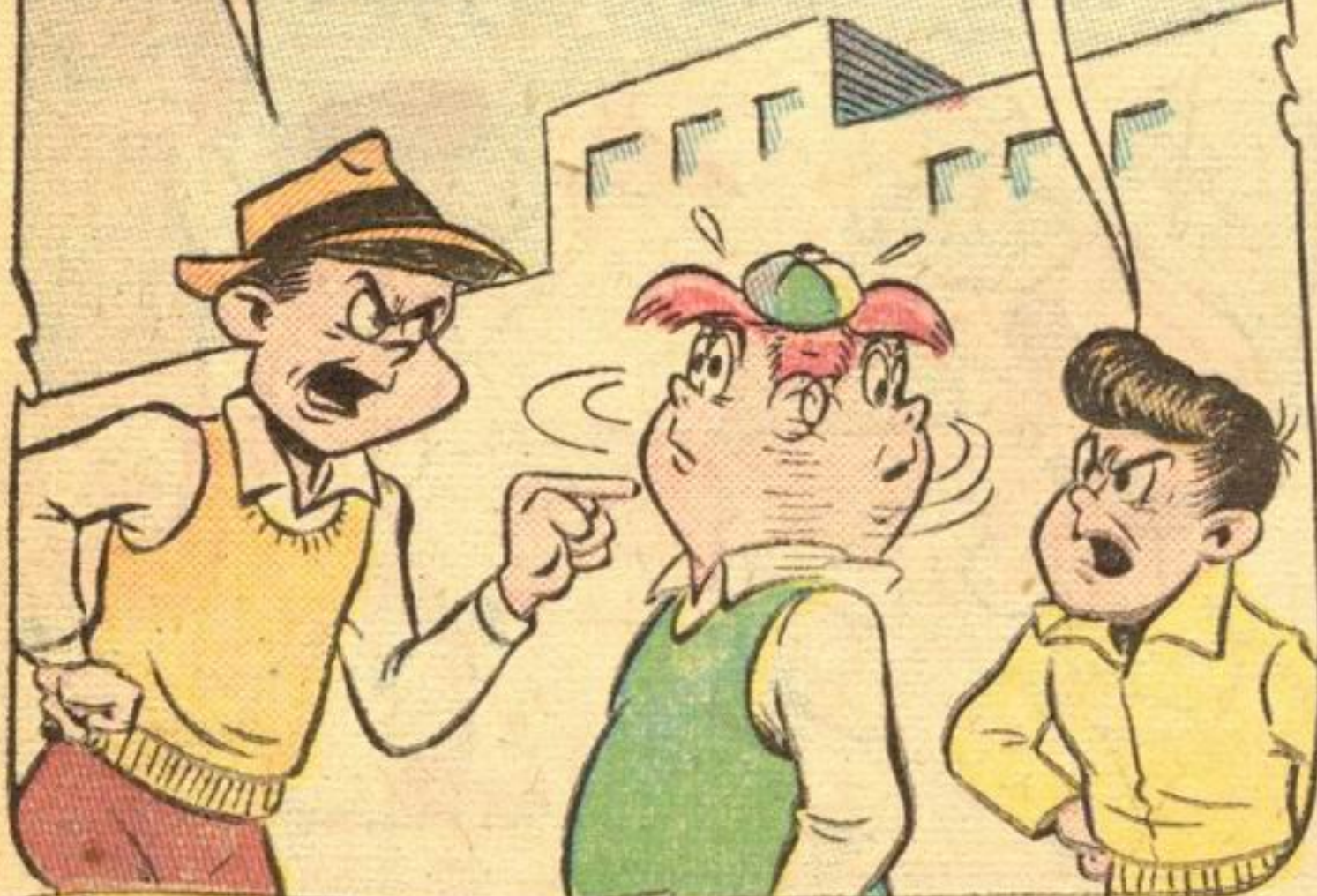
HEY! WHAT'S WITH THE DOWN ON THE KNEES JAZZ?  
DON'T TELL ME YOU CATS ARE PLAYIN' MARBLES!  
---KINDA OLD FOR THAT, AREN'TCHA?

## SODA JERKERIE



DIG THIS, BUSTER! YOU WON'T  
FEEL IN SUCH A JOVIAL  
MOOD WHEN WE TELL YA  
WHY WE WERE IN THAT  
POSITION!

YEAH! CHICK  
JUST GAVE US  
THE **BOUNCEROO**,  
HEP!



SECONDS LATER...

YA SEE?... BETTER HE SHOULD  
LEARN THE **HARD WAY**!

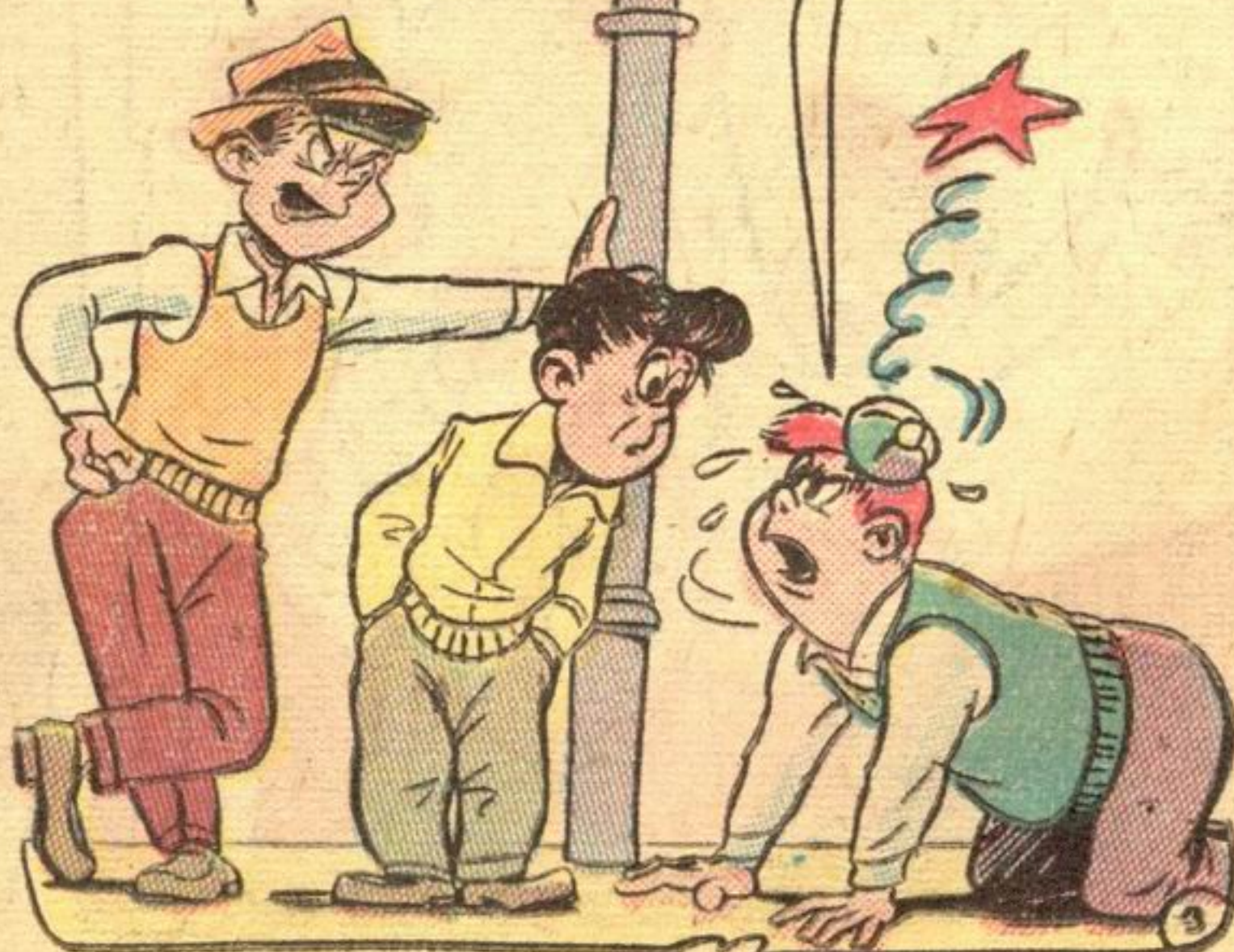
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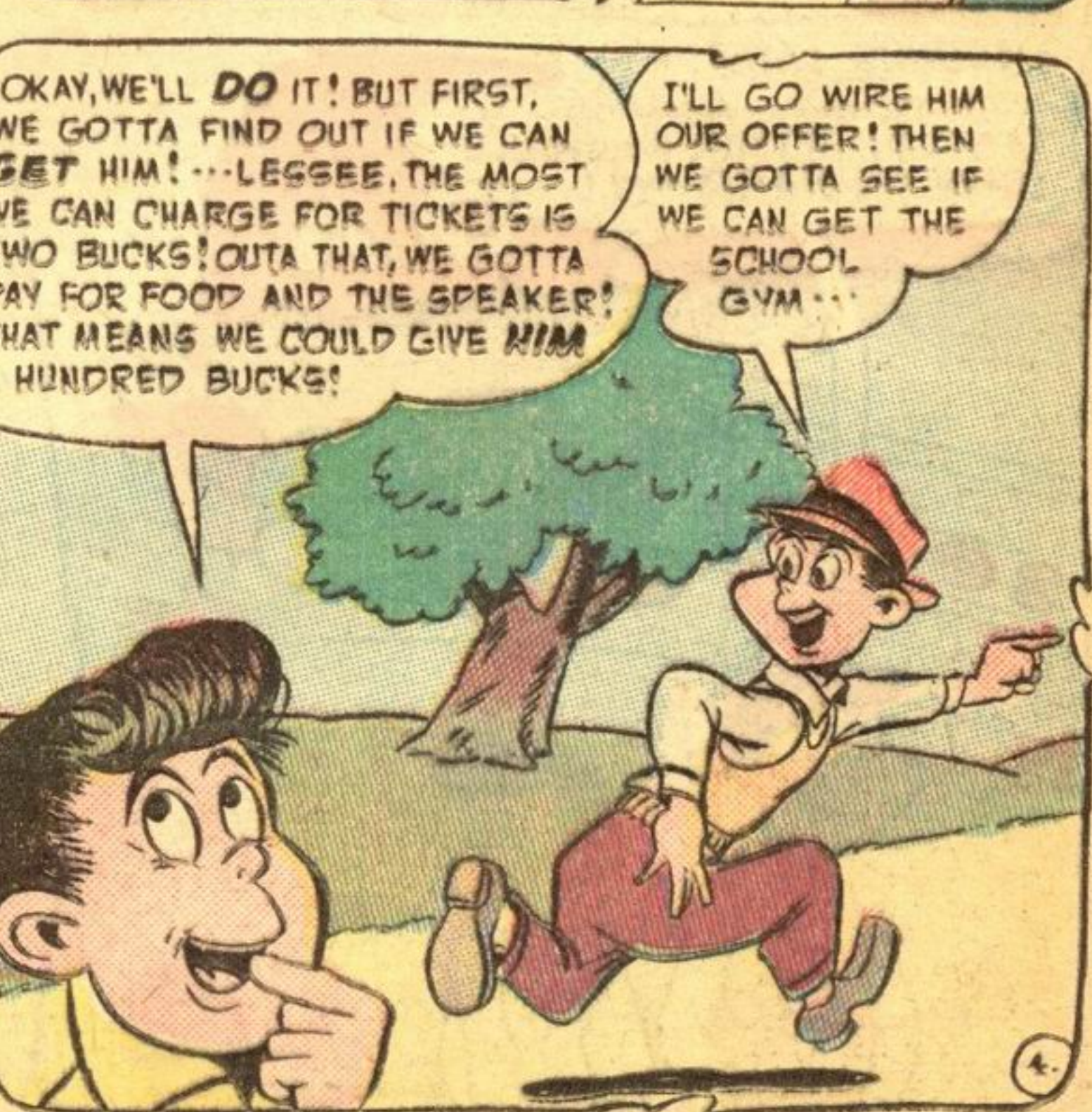
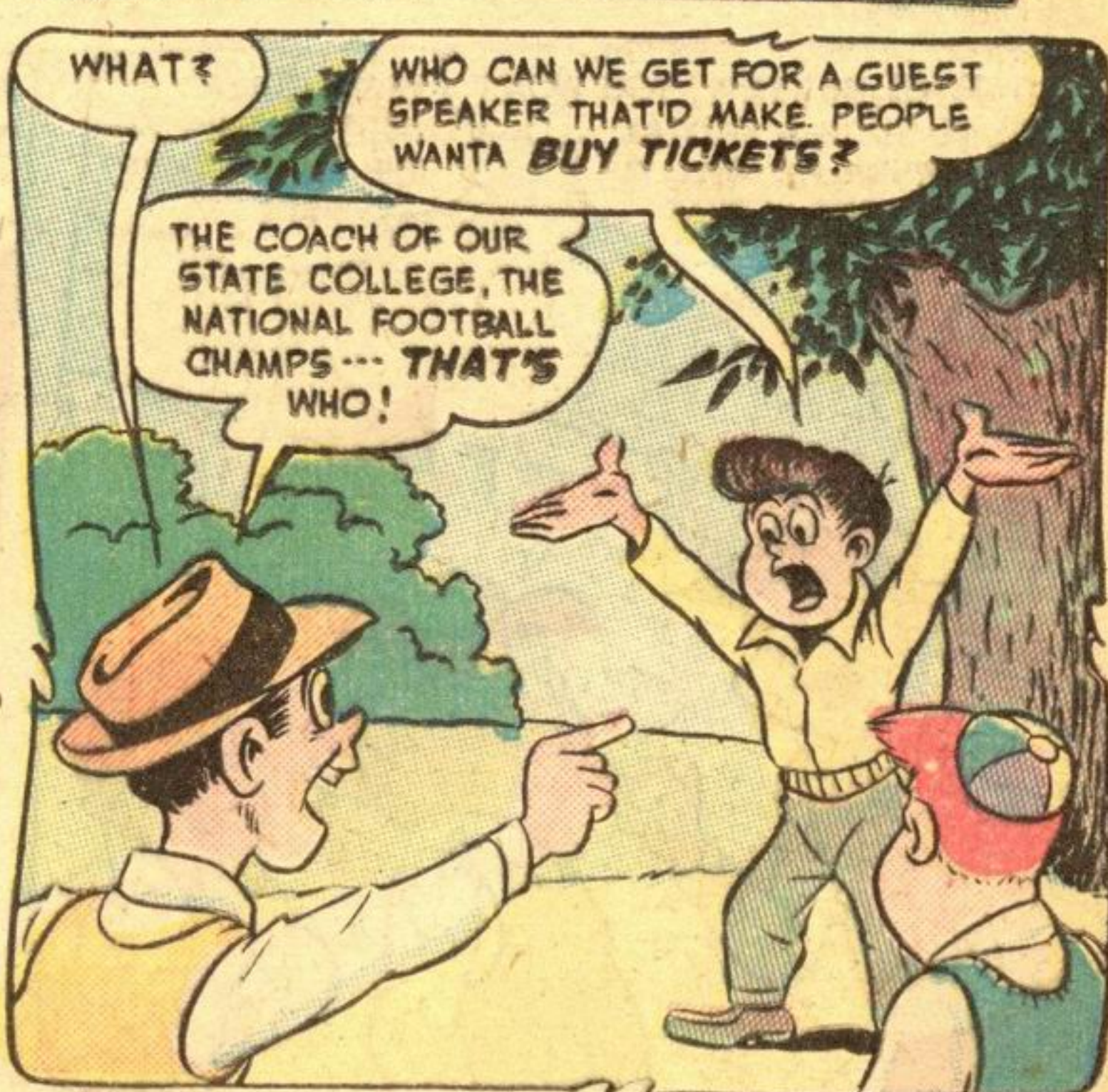
**ZOOM!**

WELL, HOW DOES  
**LAUGHING BOY**  
FEEL NOW?

AW, SHUT UP! NOW THAT I  
KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT,  
IT'S **SERIOUS**...  
**PLENTY SERIOUS!**

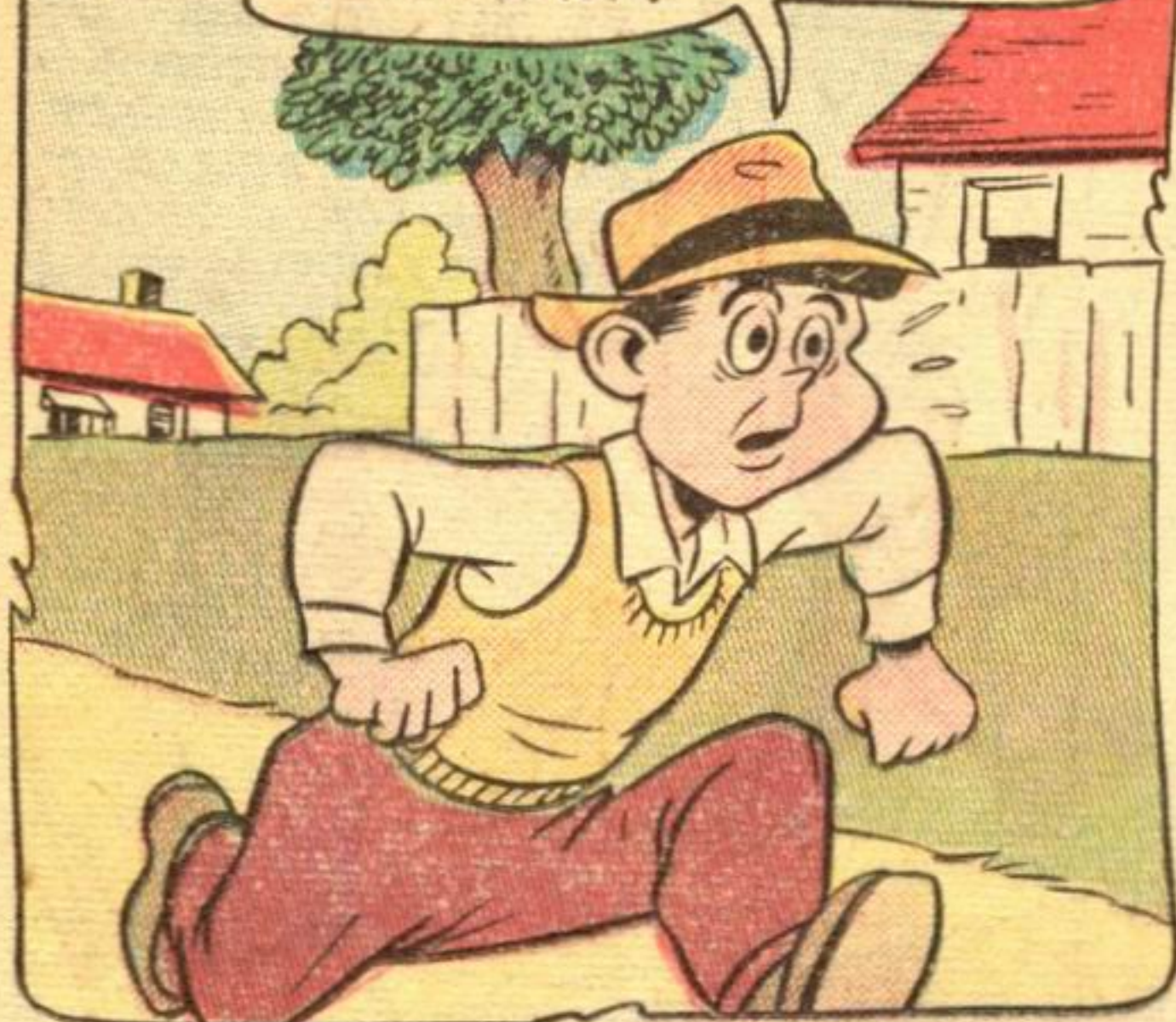








HOLY COW, I HAVEN'T GOT THE **LOOT** TO SEND A WIRE! ... I'LL HAVE TO GO HOME AND CHARGE IT TO OUR PHONE AND PAY MY FOLKS FOR IT LATER!



HERE'S YER LAUNDRY, MA'AM!

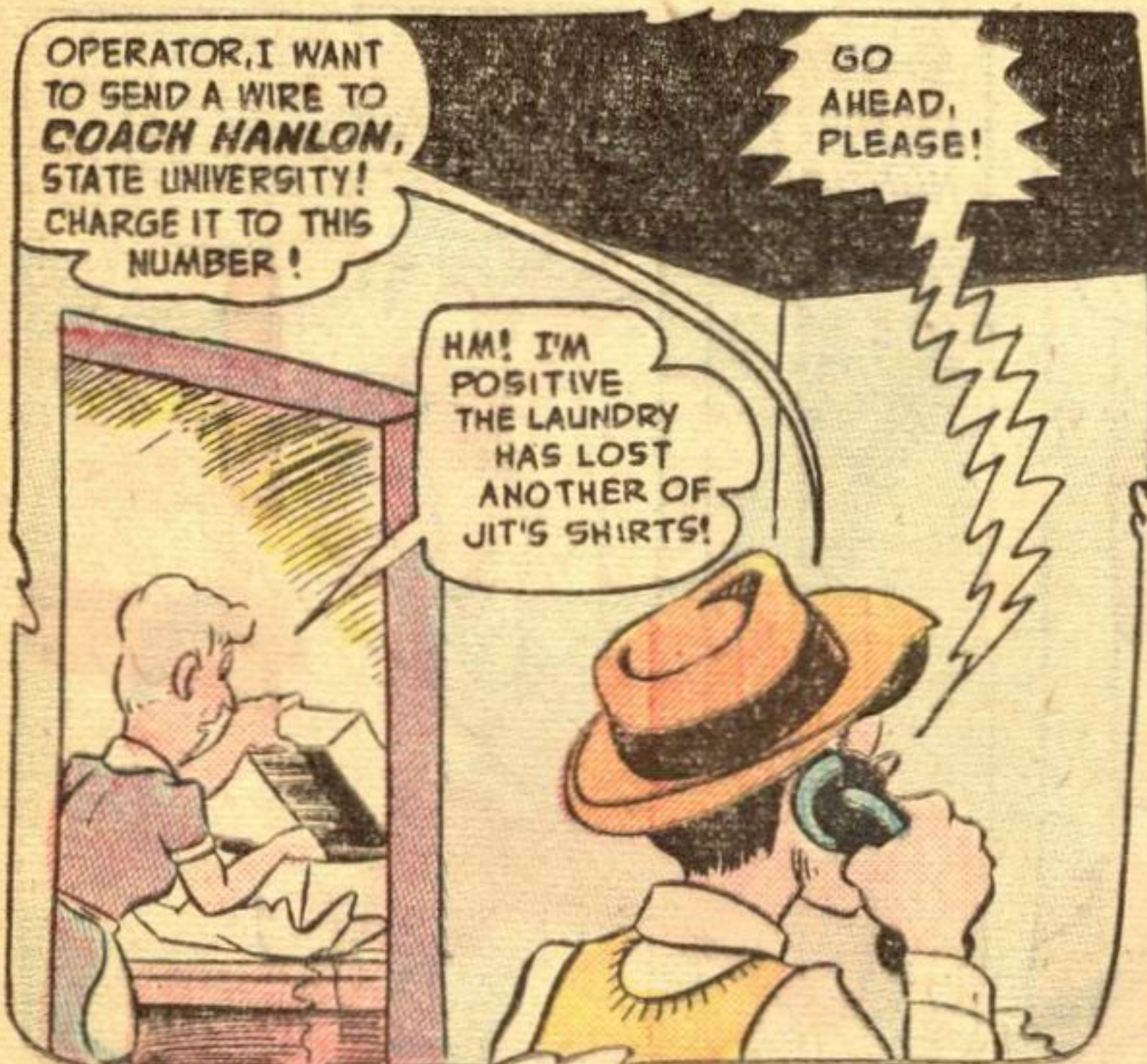
PARDON ME, MOM! I'M IN A **HURRY**!



OPERATOR, I WANT TO SEND A WIRE TO **COACH HANLON**, STATE UNIVERSITY! CHARGE IT TO THIS NUMBER!

GO AHEAD, PLEASE!

HM! I'M POSITIVE THE LAUNDRY HAS LOST ANOTHER OF JIT'S SHIRTS!



I'VE GOT IT WRITTEN OUT HERE... "WANT YOU FOR **SPEAKING ENGAGEMENT** AT LOCAL BANQUET. WILL YOU ACCEPT...

JIT! HOW MANY SHIRTS DID YOU SEND TO THE LAUNDRY?

TEN!



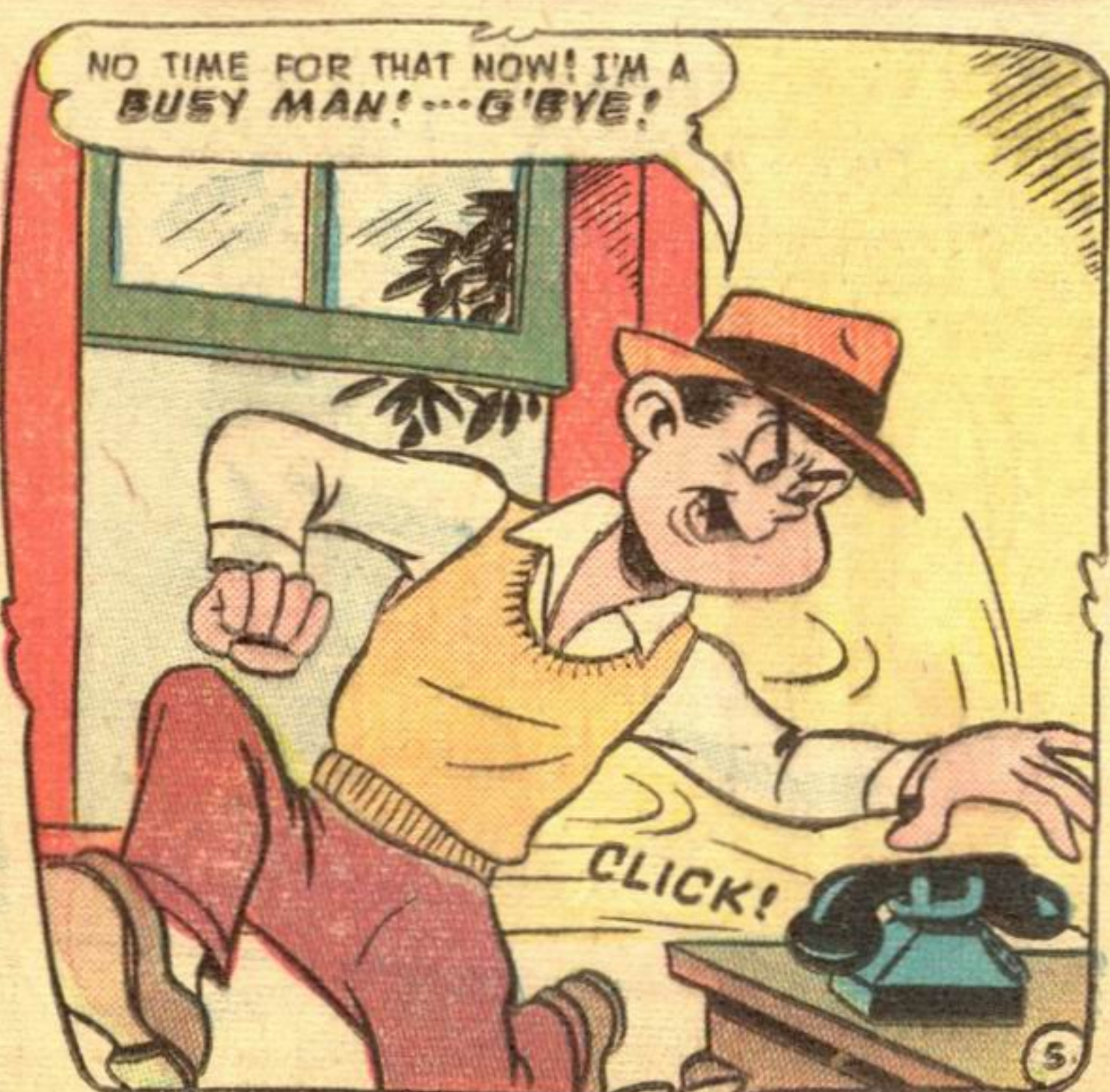
WHERE WAS I? ... OH, YEAH!

...HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR DOING IT? WIRE ANSWER TO JITTERBUCK JONES, 1331 GLEN PLACE, CITY!

I'LL READ IT BACK TO YOU! COACH HANLON, STATE...



NO TIME FOR THAT NOW! I'M A **BUSY MAN**! ... G'BYE!





MEANWHILE...

I'M HAPPY TO SEE YOU TEEN-AGERS MAKING A REAL EFFORT TO HELP YOURSELVES AND DEVELOP YOUR BUSINESS ACUMEN!...BOYS, YOU CAN HOLD YOUR BANQUET IN THE GYM, **GRATIS!**

WOW! WE'RE IN LIKE SCHWINN! ALL WE NEED NOW IS AN ANSWER FROM OUR SPEAKER!

AND AT STATE UNIVERSITY...

WHAT'S THE WIRE ABOUT, COACH?

ANOTHER SPEAKING ENGAGEMENT...AND BELIEVE ME, THEY OFFER JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE EXPENSES! IT SAYS, "WILL YOU ACCEPT TEN HUNDRED DOLLARS?"...WELL, AS LONG AS I DON'T LOSE OUT, I MIGHT AS WELL DO IT!

PRINCIPAL

COACH HANLON

NOW BACK TO THE GANG IN COOKIE'S BACKYARD...

WOW! WOTTA DEAL!

WE CAN ALL PITCH IN ON THE TICKET-SELLING, COOKIE!

SURE, ANGELPUSS... BUT WE STILL GOTTA HEAR FROM THE COACH!

JIT, YOUR MOTHER'S ON THE PHONE! SAYS IT'S SOMETHING ABOUT A **WIRE!**

SECONDS LATER...

GANG! HE ACCEPTED THE HUNDRED BUCK OFFER!

THAT'S IT! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS SELL TICKETS!

SO, FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS...

PUFF...PUFF...MISTER, YA WANNA BUY A TICKET TO A BANQUET? COACH HANLON OF OUR NATIONAL FOOTBALL CHAMPS IS GONNA BE THE SPEAKER!

HE IS? OKAY, KID! I'D PAY TWO BUCKS TO HEAR HIM **ANY** DAY!

I WON'T BUY ONE, YOUNG LADY, I'LL BUY TEN! THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS WILL WANT TO HEAR HIM TOO!...THEY'RE ALL OLD GRADS!

WONDERFUL! THAT'S THE LAST OF OUR TICKETS!

WE'VE **DONE** IT, ANGELPUSS!

M. D. SHELL  
PRESIDENT



**N**EXT DAY...

**ZOWIE!** I'VE PAID FOR ALL THE FOOD AND STUFF...AND WE'VE **STILL** GOT \$150 LEFT! AFTER WE PAY THE COACH, WE'LL HAVE 50 BUCKS LEFT FOR...

**COOKIE!**  
LOOK, SOMETHIN' **AWFUL'S** HAPPENED! I...I JUST GOT ANOTHER WIRE FROM COACH HANLON...

...AND...**GULP**...LISTEN TA **THIS!**...MR. JITTERBUCK: PLEASE FORWARD IMMEDIATELY AT LEAST ONE-HALF OF MY FEE OF \$1,000 TO COVER TRANSPORTATION AND OTHER EXPENSES. WILL ACCEPT SECOND \$500 AT END OF LECTURE!"

**A...A THOUSAND BUCKS!** B-BUT HOLY HANNAH, WE ONLY OFFERED A **HUNDRED!** THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE MUSTA MADE A **MISTAKE!**

**So...**

IT'S **YOUR** FAULT! YOU GOTTA MAKE UP THE 900 BUCK DIFFERENCE!

EASTERN  
TELEGRAPH

I TOOK THE WIRE MYSELF...AND HE DICTATED THE FOLLOWING!...**"WANT YOU FOR SPEAKING ENGAGEMENT AT LOCAL BANQUET. WILL YOU ACCEPT TEN..."**...THEN HE PAUSED AND FINALLY CONTINUED...**"...HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR DOING IT!"**...TEN HUNDRED DOLLARS, HE SAID!

**YIKES! NOW I GET IT!**

W-WHILE I WAS PHONIN' IN THE WIRE, MY MOM ASKED HOW MANY **SHIRTS** I SENT TO THE LAUNDRY, AN' I SAID **TEN**...THEN I FINISHED THE WIRE! **SHE** MUSTA HEARD ME SAY **TEN!**

**OH, N-NO!**

WHAT'S MORE, HE REFUSED A READ-BACK, WHICH WOULD'VE **CAUGHT** THE MISTAKE! WE'RE **ABSOLED** OF ALL BLAME!

HOLY COW, ARE **WE** IN A BIG FAT MESS! WE CAN'T GIVE PEOPLE BACK THEIR MONEY, 'CAUSE IT'S **SPENT!** AN' WHAT'S **WORSE**, NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE IT'S A MISTAKE!...THEY'LL THINK IT'S ALL A BIG HOAX WE COOKED UP!

AND THE REST OF THE GANG WILL TEAR US APART WHEN THEY FIND OUT...THEY'VE KNOCKED THEIR **BRAINS** OUT ON THIS DEAL! WODDA WE GONNA DO, **COOKIE?**

GET AWAY FROM THIS TOWN **AS FAR AND FAST AS POSSIBLE**...GET JOBS, AND PAY BACK EVERY LAST CENT! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO STOW AWAY ON A PLANE...MEET YOU AT THE AIRPORT TONIGHT!

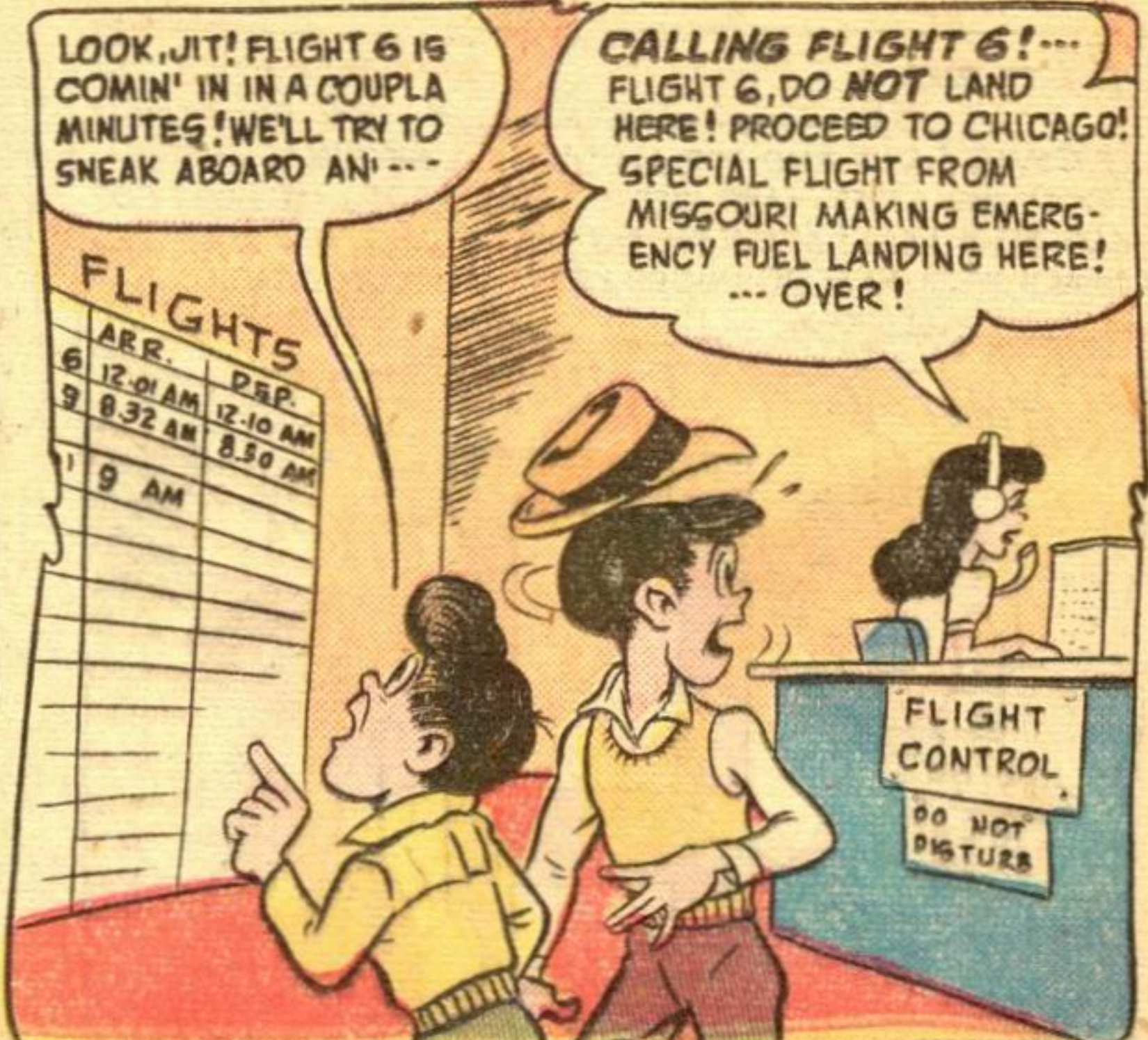
**BAW!** I'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE MY FOLKS AGAIN...BUT **OKAY!**





SO THAT NIGHT... AT THE AIRPORT... I SENT A LETTER TO ANGELPUSS EXPLAININ' EVERYTHING... AN' WITH THE REST OF THE LOOT IN IT! BUT SHE WON'T GET IT UNTIL **AFTER** THE BANQUET!

WELL, I WIRED COACH HANLON AND CALLED OFF THE DEAL... SO **LET'S GO!**



LOOK, JIT! FLIGHT 6 IS COMIN' IN IN A COUPLA MINUTES! WE'LL TRY TO SNEAK ABOARD AN'...

**CALLING FLIGHT 6!...** FLIGHT 6, DO NOT LAND HERE! PROCEED TO CHICAGO! SPECIAL FLIGHT FROM MISSOURI MAKING EMERGENCY FUEL LANDING HERE! ... OVER!

FLIGHTS		
ARR.		DEP.
6	12-01 AM	12-10 AM
9	8-32 AM	8-50 AM
11	9 AM	



OH, FINE! FLIGHT 6 ISN'T LANDIN' HERE... **NOW** WHAT?

WE PILE ABOARD THE SPECIAL FLIGHT THAT IS LANDIN', YA BIRD-BRAIN!... **COME ON!**



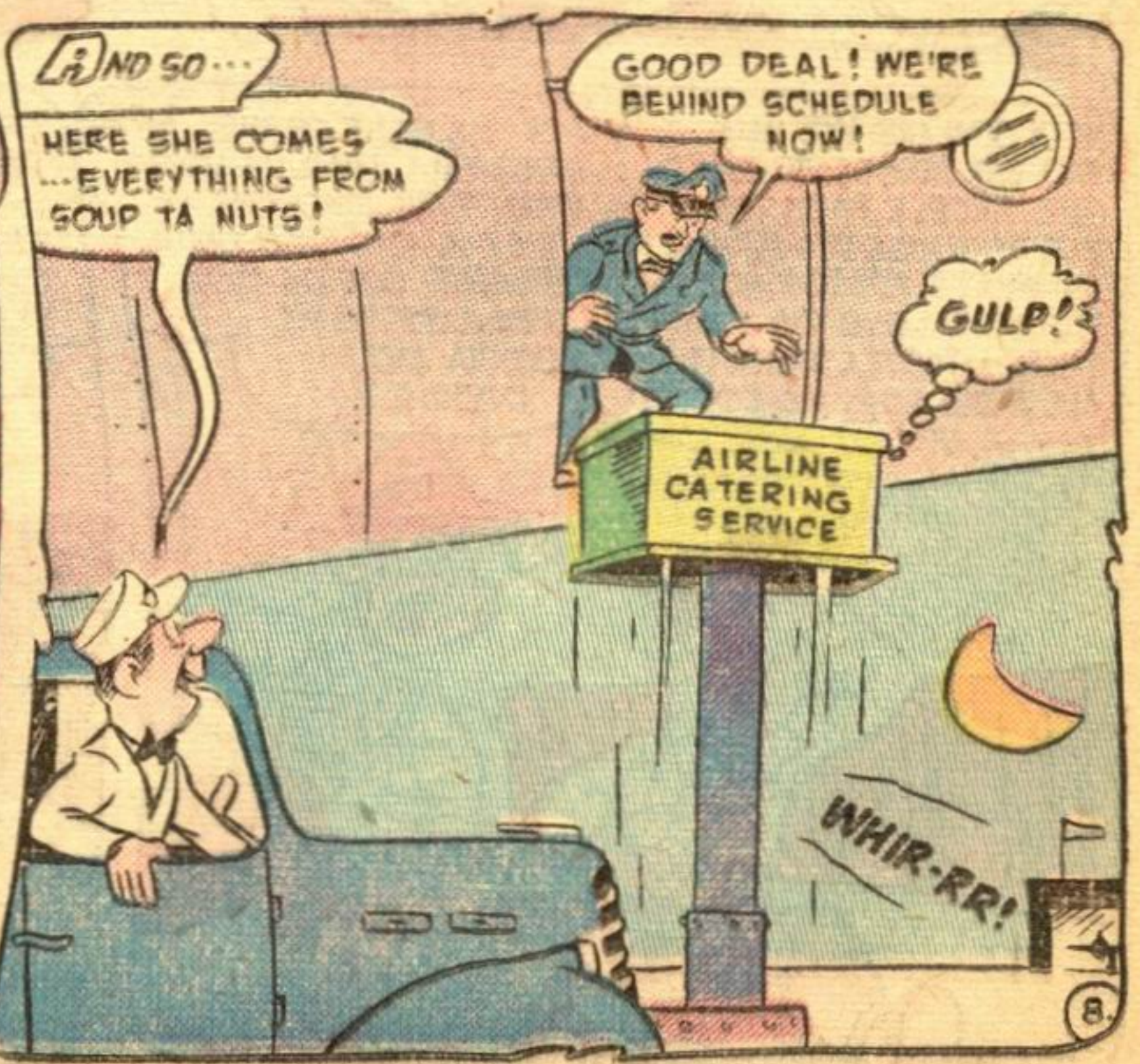
**A FEW MINUTES LATER...**

JEEPERS, THEY GOT THAT SHIP GUARDED LIKE IT WAS THE U.S. MINT! WE HAVEN'T GOT A **CHANCE!**

YES, WE HAVE!... **LOOK!**



THEY'RE TAKIN' FOOD ABOARD... SO IF WE CAN GET IN THAT TRUCK AN' HIDE IN A FOOD CONTAINER, WE'RE IN! ... **HURRY!**



**AND SO...**

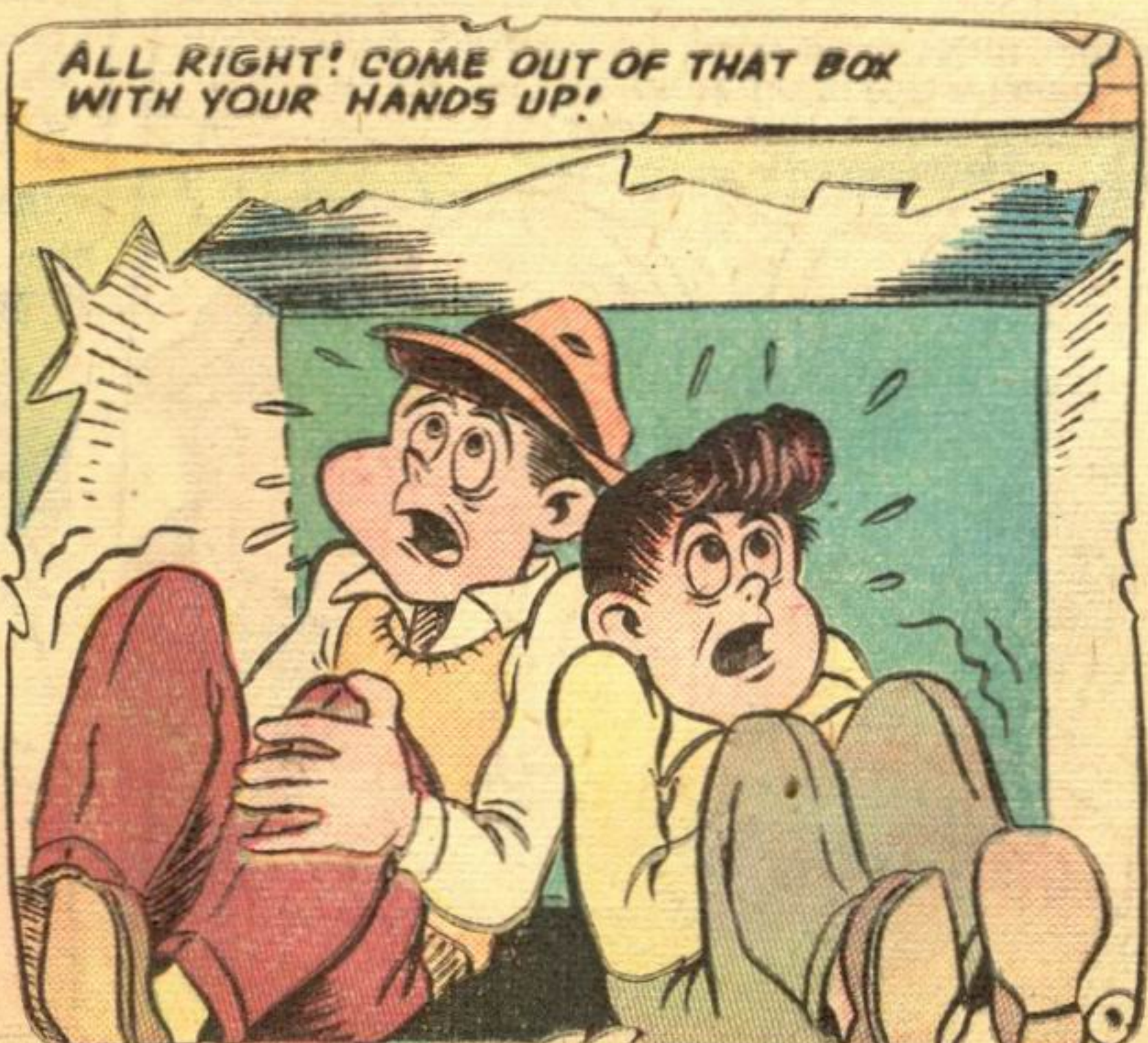
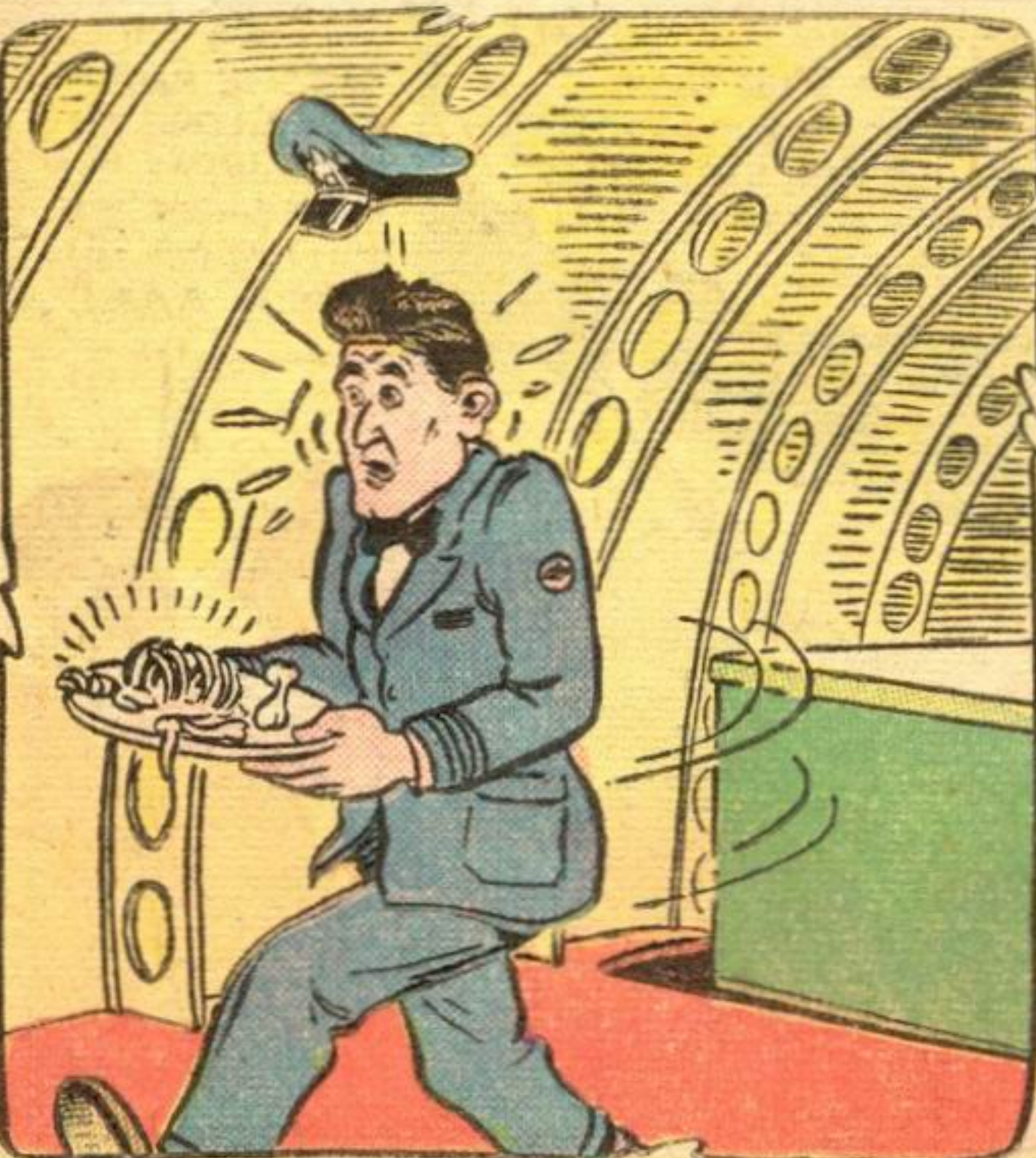
HERE SHE COMES... EVERYTHING FROM SOUP TA NUTS!

GOOD DEAL! WE'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE NOW!

GULP!

WHIR-RR!









G-GUNS! HOLY COW, YA DON'T SHOOT A GUY FOR JUST HOOKIN' A RIDE, DO YA?

WE'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS!... GET OUT!



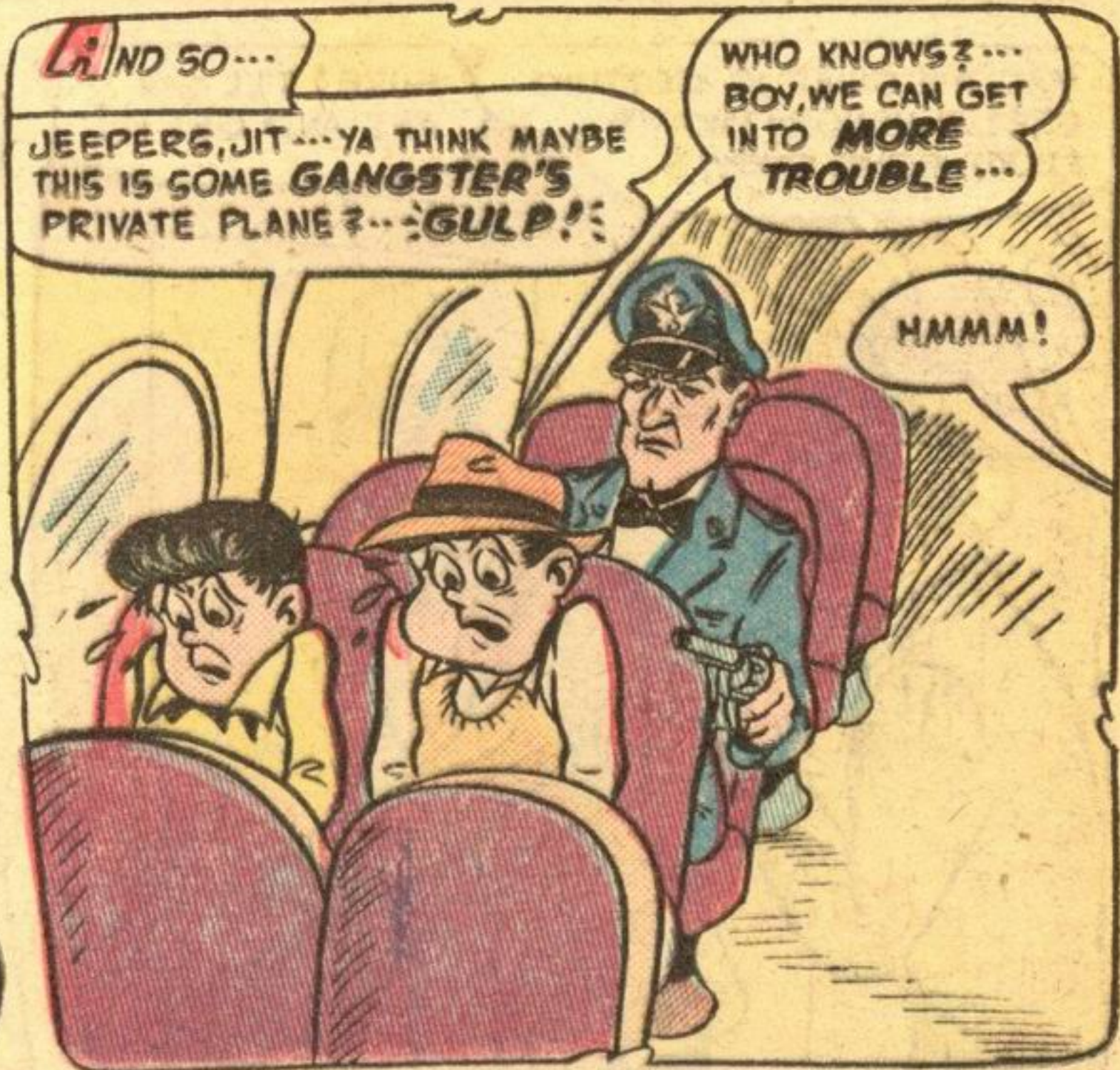
KEEP THEM COVERED, MAC, AND BRING THEM UP HERE IN THE CABIN!... I'LL NOTIFY THE PILOT TO LAND AT CLEVELAND!

JUST A MINUTE, GEORGE! WHAT'S GOING ON?



NOW DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! WE JUST FOUND TWO TEEN-AGE STOWAWAYS! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, BUT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!... LOOKS INNOCENT ENOUGH, BUT WHY DID THEY PICK THIS PLANE?... JUST RELAX, CHIEF!

HMMM!



AND SO...

JEEPERG, JIT... YA THINK MAYBE THIS IS SOME GANGSTER'S PRIVATE PLANE?... GULP!

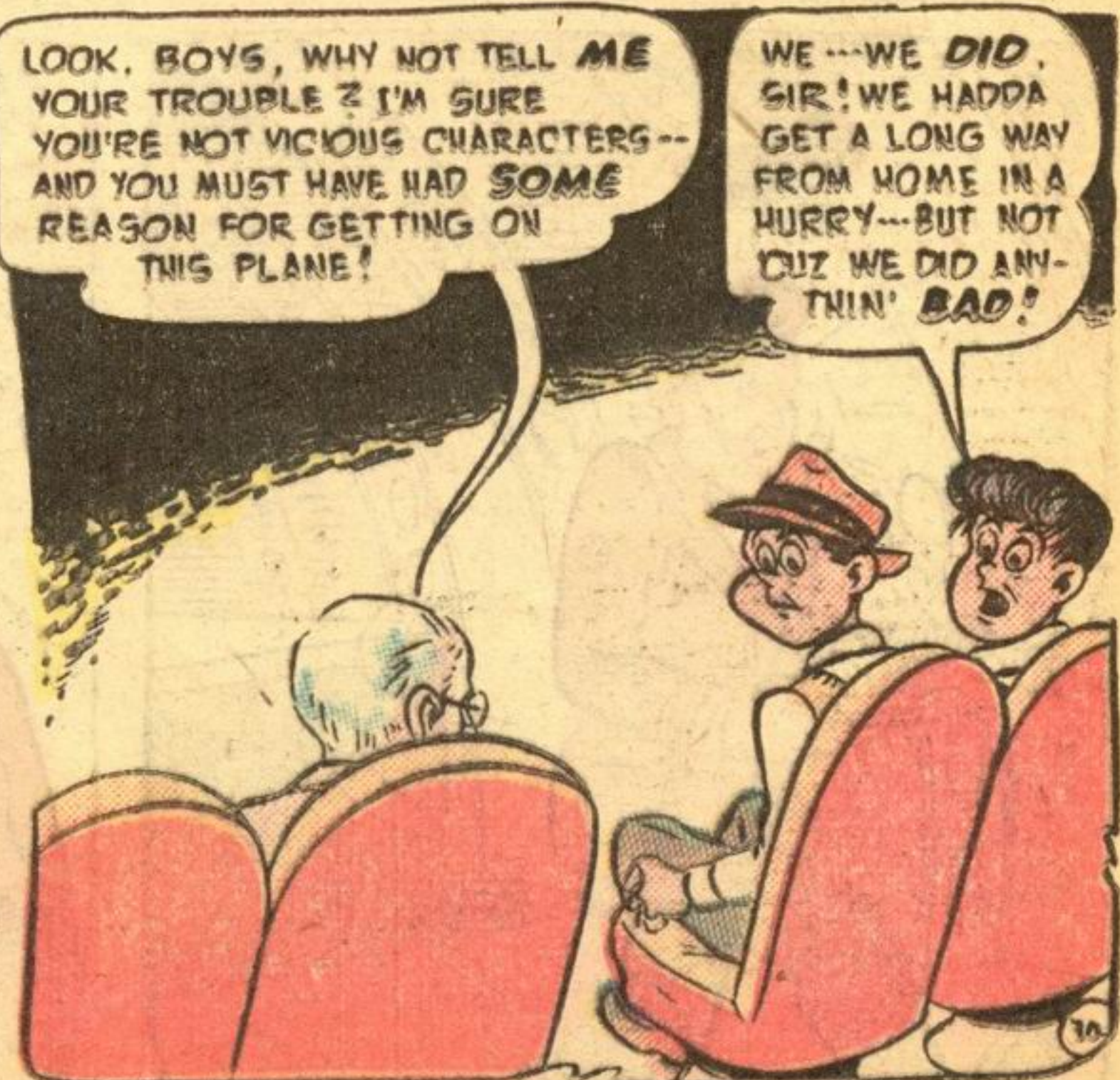
WHO KNOWS?... BOY, WE CAN GET INTO MORE TROUBLE...

HMMM!



MAC, THESE BOYS DON'T LOOK TOO DANGEROUS TO ME! IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO THEM! MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT SOMETHING!

OKAY, CHIEF!



LOOK, BOYS, WHY NOT TELL ME YOUR TROUBLE? I'M SURE YOU'RE NOT VICIOUS CHARACTERS-- AND YOU MUST HAVE HAD SOME REASON FOR GETTING ON THIS PLANE!

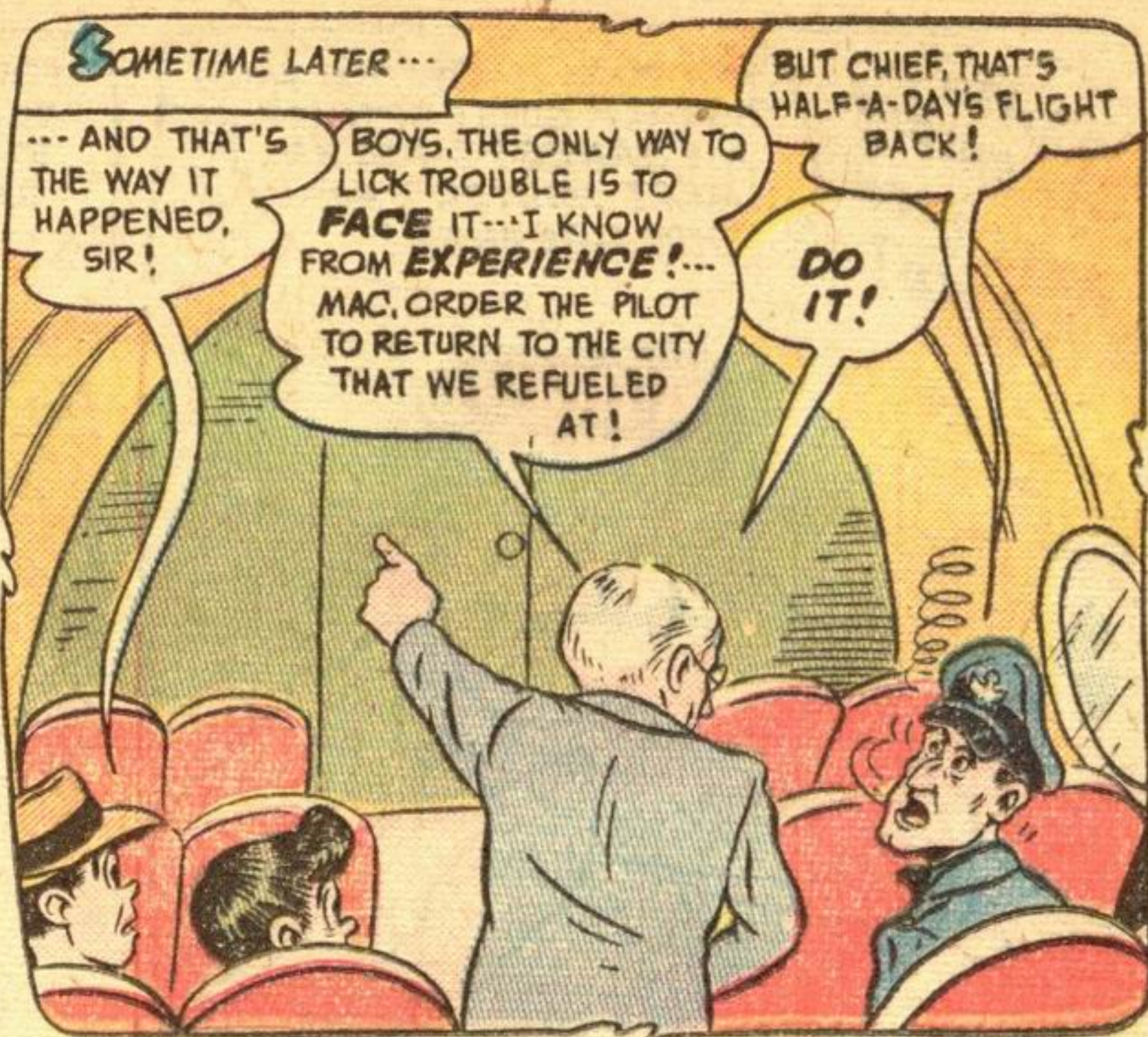
WE...WE DID, SIR! WE HADDA GET A LONG WAY FROM HOME IN A HURRY--BUT NOT CUZ WE DID ANY-THIN' BAD!





I'M **SURE** YOU DIDN'T!  
---LOOK, SUPPOSING YOU  
COME OVER HERE AND TELL  
ME ALL ABOUT IT! MAY-  
BE I CAN HELP!

OKAY, SIR... BUT I'M  
AFRAID **NOBODY**  
COULD HELP US  
**NOW!**



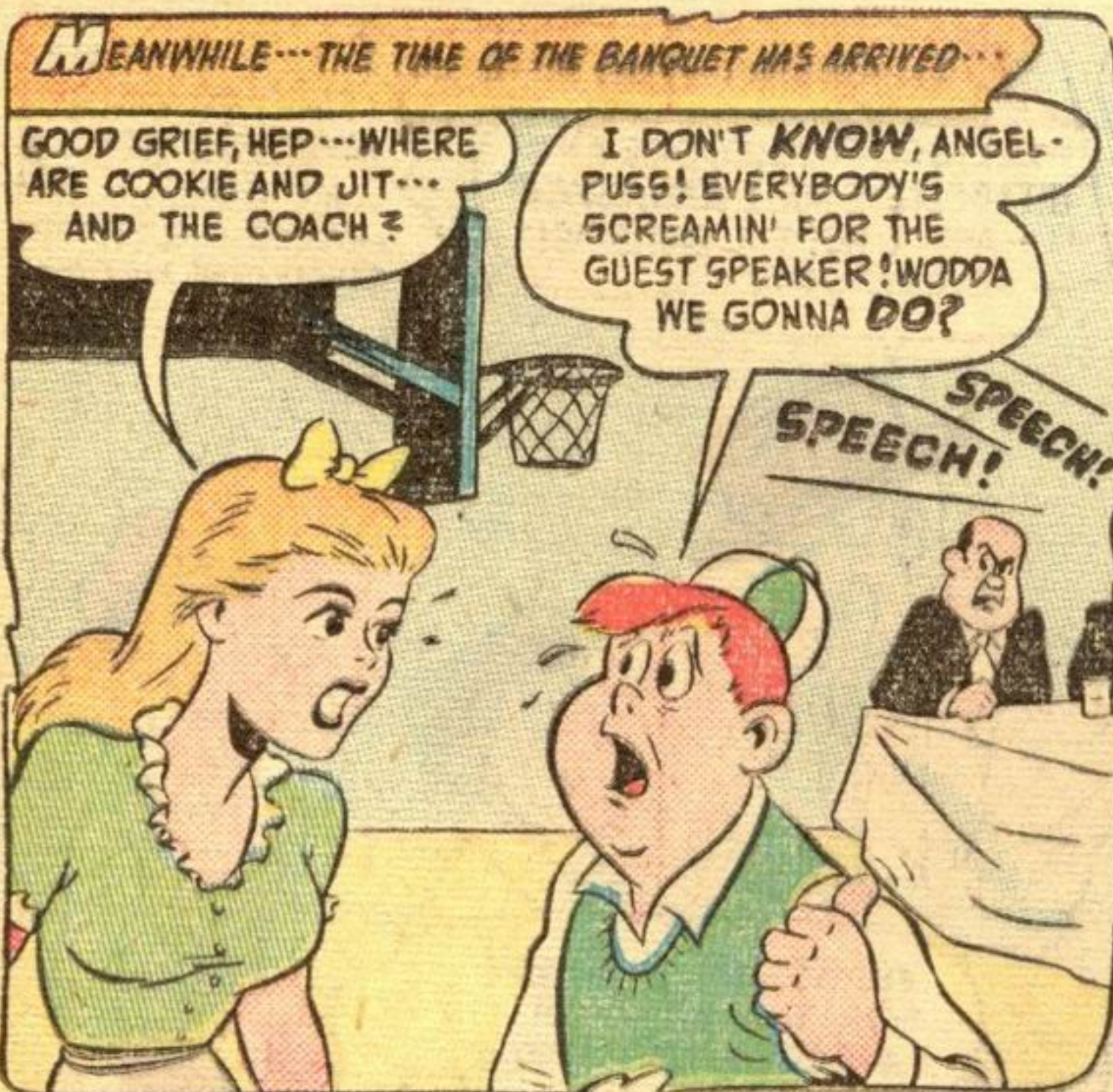
**SOMETIME LATER...**

--- AND THAT'S  
THE WAY IT  
HAPPENED,  
SIR!

BOYS, THE ONLY WAY TO  
LUCK TROUBLE IS TO  
**FACE** IT... I KNOW  
FROM **EXPERIENCE!**...  
MAC, ORDER THE PILOT  
TO RETURN TO THE CITY  
THAT WE REFUELED  
AT!

BUT CHIEF, THAT'S  
HALF-A-DAY'S FLIGHT  
BACK!

**DO  
IT!**



GOOD GRIEF, HEP... WHERE  
ARE COOKIE AND JIT...  
AND THE COACH?

I DON'T **KNOW**, ANGEL-  
PUSS! EVERYBODY'S  
SCREAMIN' FOR THE  
GUEST SPEAKER! WODDA  
WE GONNA **DO?**

**SPEECH!**

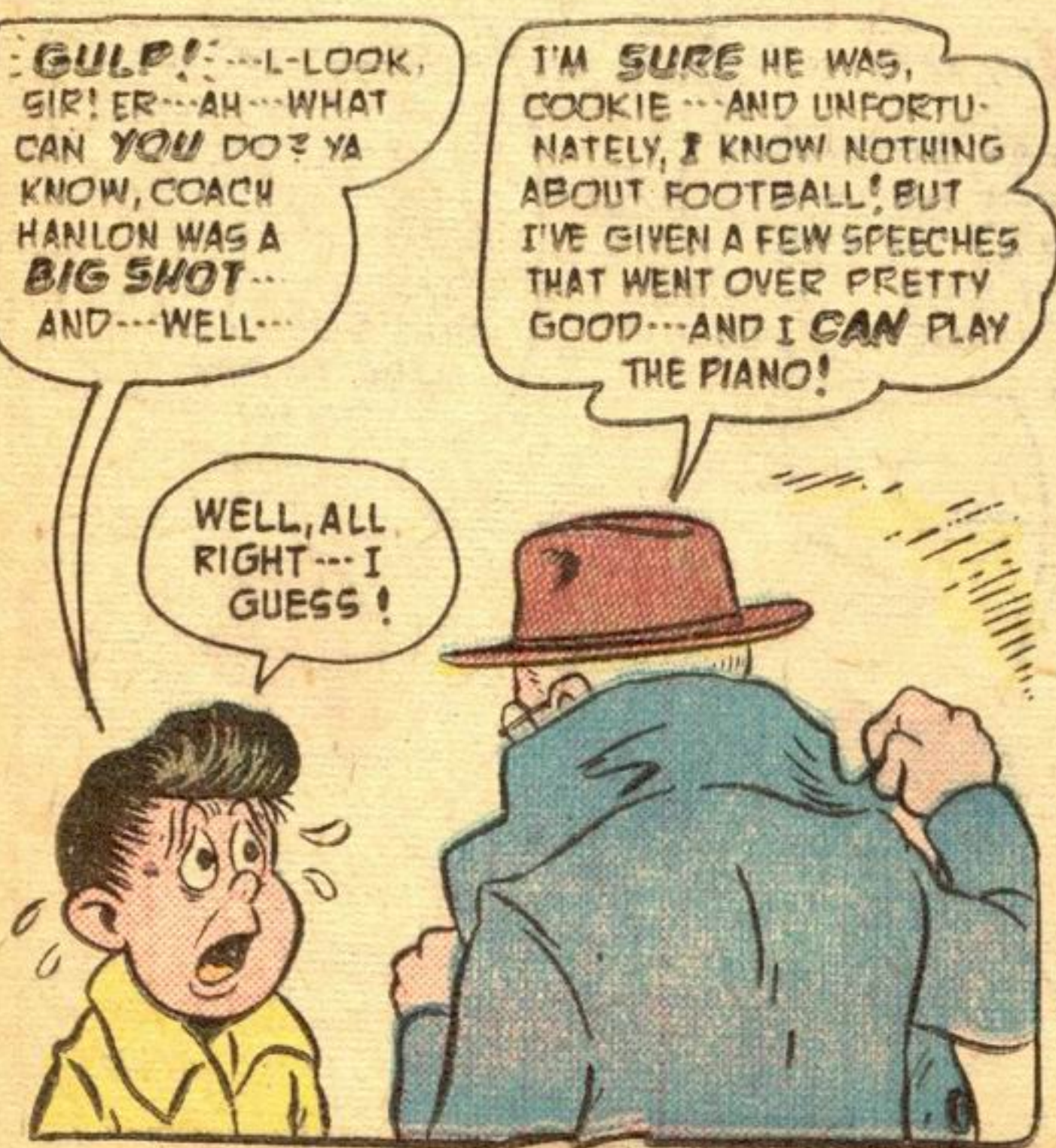


**LIND** JUST OUTSIDE...

HERE WE  
ARE! **NOW**  
WHAT?

NOW, COOKIE, I WANT YOU TO  
GO OUT THERE AND TELL THEM  
YOU'VE HAD TO GET A **SUBSTI-**  
**TUTE** FOR THE COACH! THEN  
I'LL DO MY BEST TO ENTERTAIN  
THEM!

GYM



**GULP!**... L-LOOK,  
SIR! ER... AH... WHAT  
CAN YOU DO? YA  
KNOW, COACH  
HANLON WAS A  
**BIG SHOT**...  
AND... WELL...

I'M **SURE** HE WAS,  
COOKIE... AND UNFORTU-  
NATELY, I KNOW NOTHING  
ABOUT FOOTBALL! BUT  
I'VE GIVEN A FEW SPEECHES  
THAT WENT OVER PRETTY  
GOOD... AND I **CAN** PLAY  
THE PIANO!

WELL, ALL  
RIGHT... I  
GUESS!



**WE WANT  
COACH HANLON!  
COACH HANLON  
OR OUR  
BACK!**

**QUIET! QUIET, EVERYBODY!**  
... COACH HANLON ISN'T GONNA BE  
HERE, BUT WE GOT A SUBSTITUTE  
THAT'LL... ER... ENTERTAIN YA!

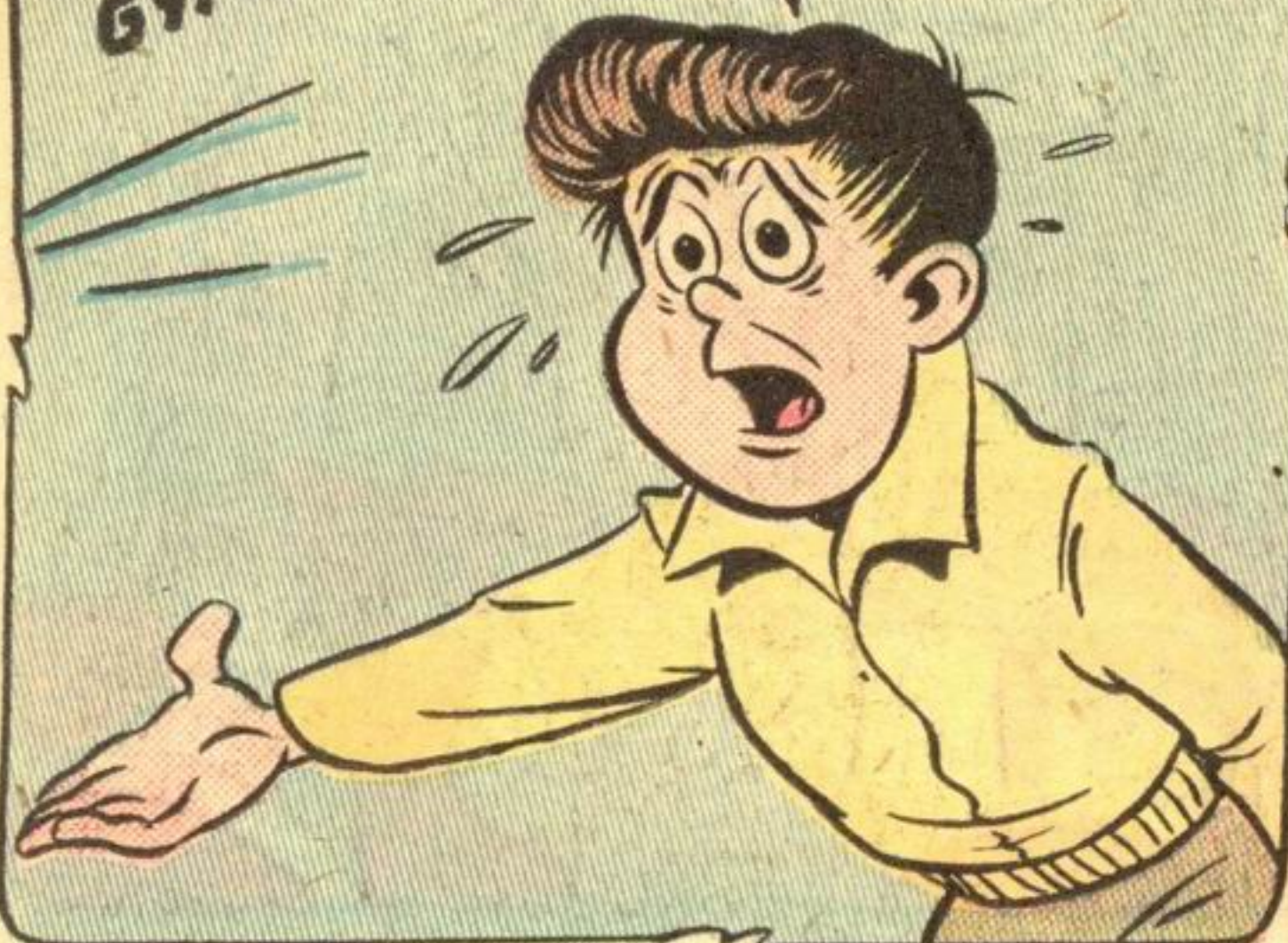
WHERE'S  
THE  
COACH?

**OO! COMES NOW  
THE REVOLUTION!**



WHAT?  
NO HANLON?  
WE'VE BEEN  
GYPED!

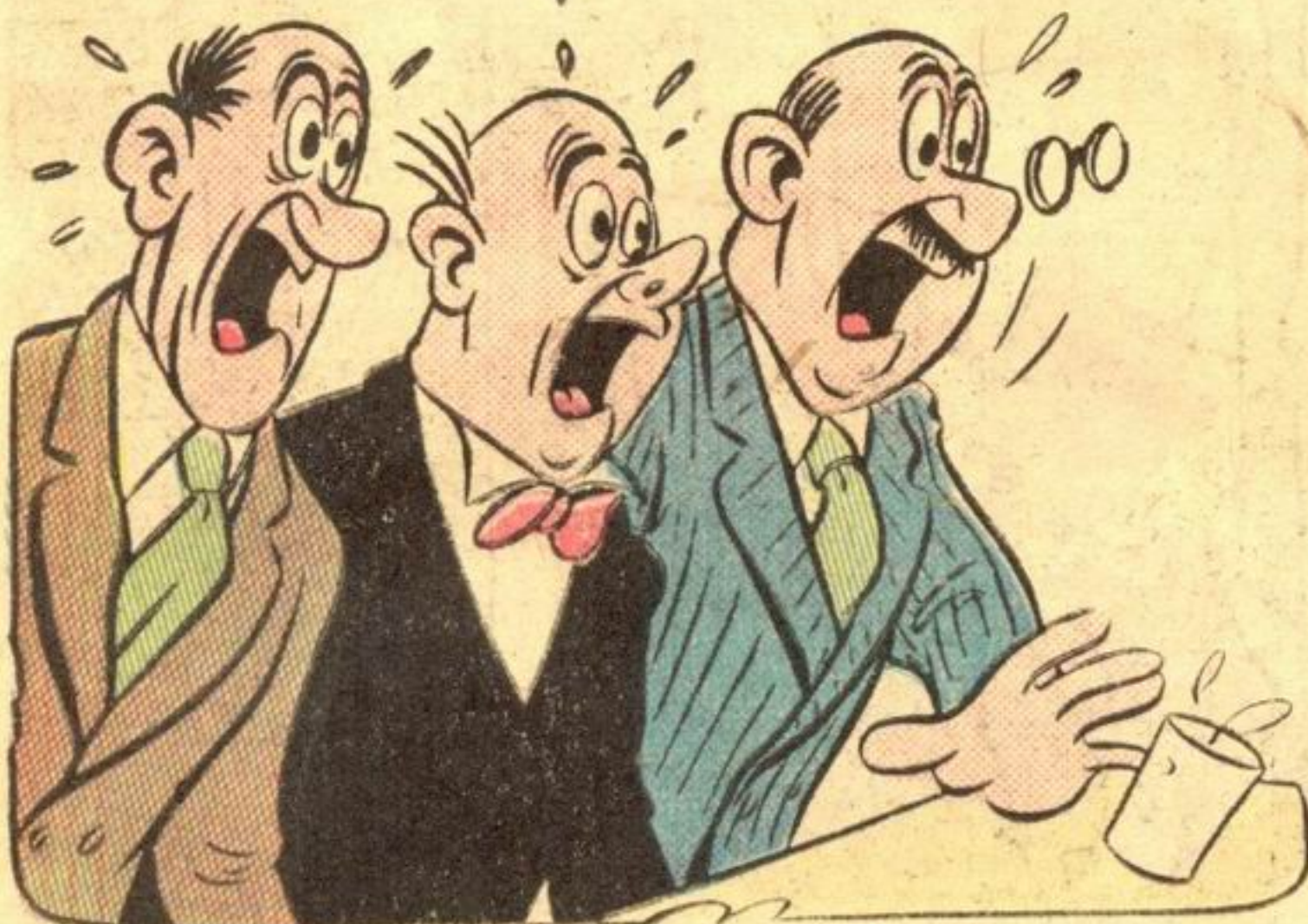
HOW DO YA **KNOW** YOU HAVE?  
GIVE OUR GUEST SPEAKER  
A **CHANCE!**... **FOLKS,**  
**MEET MISTER... ER...  
OUR SPEAKER!**



FOLKS, I CAN'T TALK ON FOOTBALL, BUT I CAN  
PLAY A PRETTY GOOD PIANO... AND I'LL BE GLAD  
TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS THAT YOU MIGHT LIKE  
TO ASK!... SO WHAT SAY WE ALL RELAX AND  
HAVE SOME **FUN!**



**YE GODS! THE PRESIDENT  
OF THE UNITED STATES!**



**SO...** SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

WELL, GOODBYE, COOKIE AND  
JIT! BELIEVE ME, I **ENJOYED**  
IT... AND I HOPE I SATISFIED  
EVERYBODY!

YOU **KIDDIN'?**  
THEY'RE STILL  
**HYSTERICAL!**  
AN' GOLLY,  
THANKS... YOU  
SAVED OUR **NECKS!**



YEAH! AN' THANKS  
FOR THE LESSON ON  
**MEETIN' TROUBLE  
HEAD-ON!**

**SO...**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THANKS TO THESE  
TWO BOYS, OUR LITTLE TOWN HAS BEEN PUT  
ON THE MAP! TOMORROW, THE NATION'S  
PAPERS WILL CARRY THIS STORY TO THE  
WHOLE COUNTRY! WE CAN BE **PROUD**  
OF THEM!



WOULDN'T YA **KNOW** THE  
MAYOR'D GET INTO THE  
ACT?

**AND** NEXT DAY...

**OKAY, SHYLOCK!**  
HERE'S THE LOOT  
FOR ALL THE STUFF  
WE CATS  
CHARGED!

**FORGET IT!** ANY  
BUNCH OF KIDS THAT'D  
GO TO THE TROUBLE  
OF GETTING THE **PRES-**  
**DENT** HERE SO THEY  
COULD SQUARE THEIR  
BILLS **SHOULDN'T**  
**HAVE TO PAY**  
**THEM!**



The  
END!





BE SURE TO HAVE  
**Cracker Jack**

WHEN YOU GO TO THE ZOO-AMUSEMENT  
PARK-CIRCUS-CARNIVAL-BALL PARK-  
PICNIC-PARTY OR VACATION RESORT  
*IT ADDS TO YOUR FUN!*

LOOK FOR  
THE SURPRISE  
NOVELTY IN  
EVERY BOX



THE MORE  
YOU EAT...  
THE MORE  
YOU WANT!

*Announcing*

OPERATION: **PERIL**



...NEWEST AND GREATEST  
ADVENTURE COMICS MAGAZINE  
EVER PUBLISHED!

NEW IN THRILLING STORIES WHICH  
FEATURE ACTIONFUL ADVENTURE  
AT ITS BEST!

NEW IN ZESTFUL PICTURE CONTENT  
THAT SPELLS AMERICA'S FINEST ART!

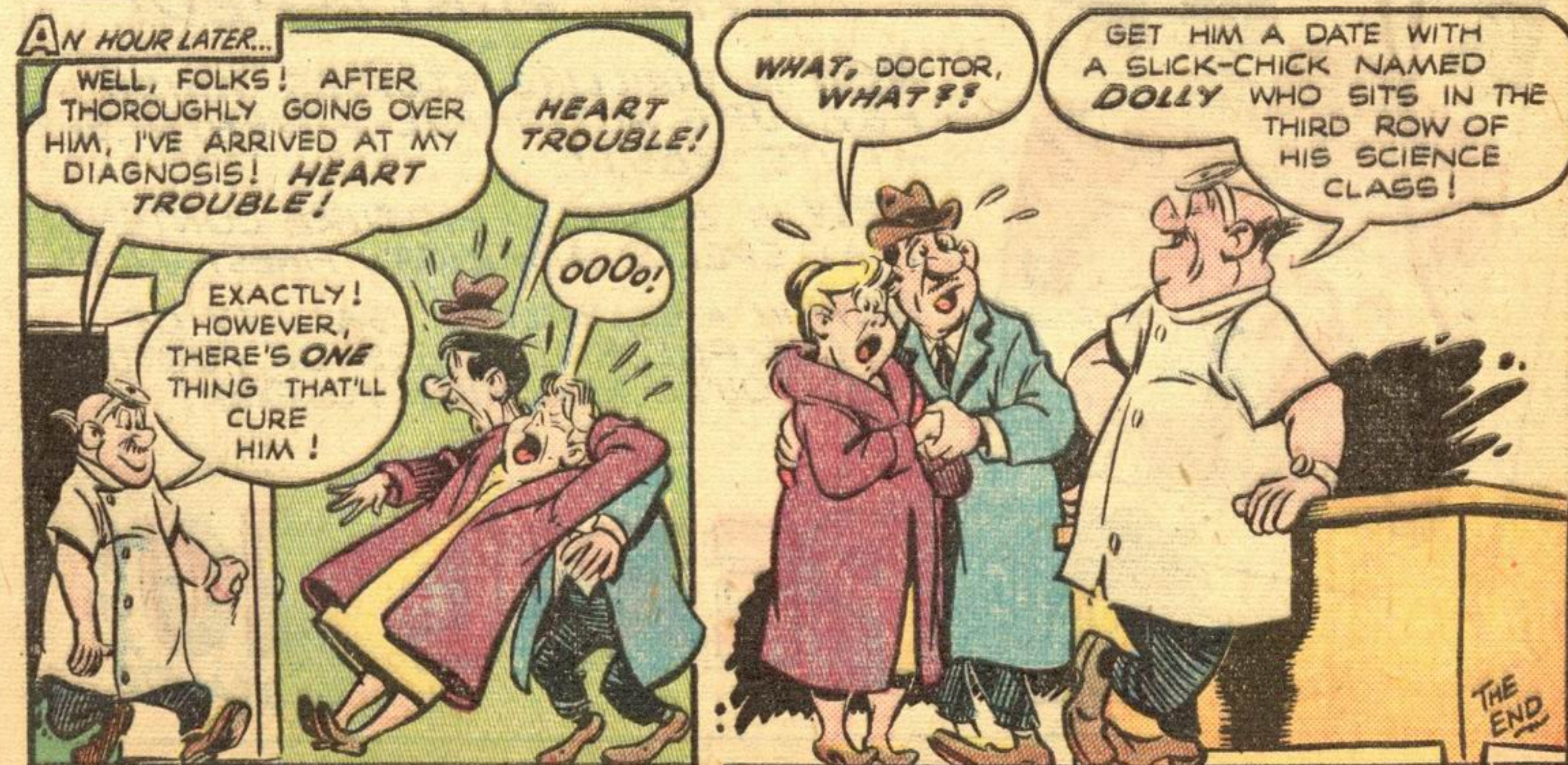
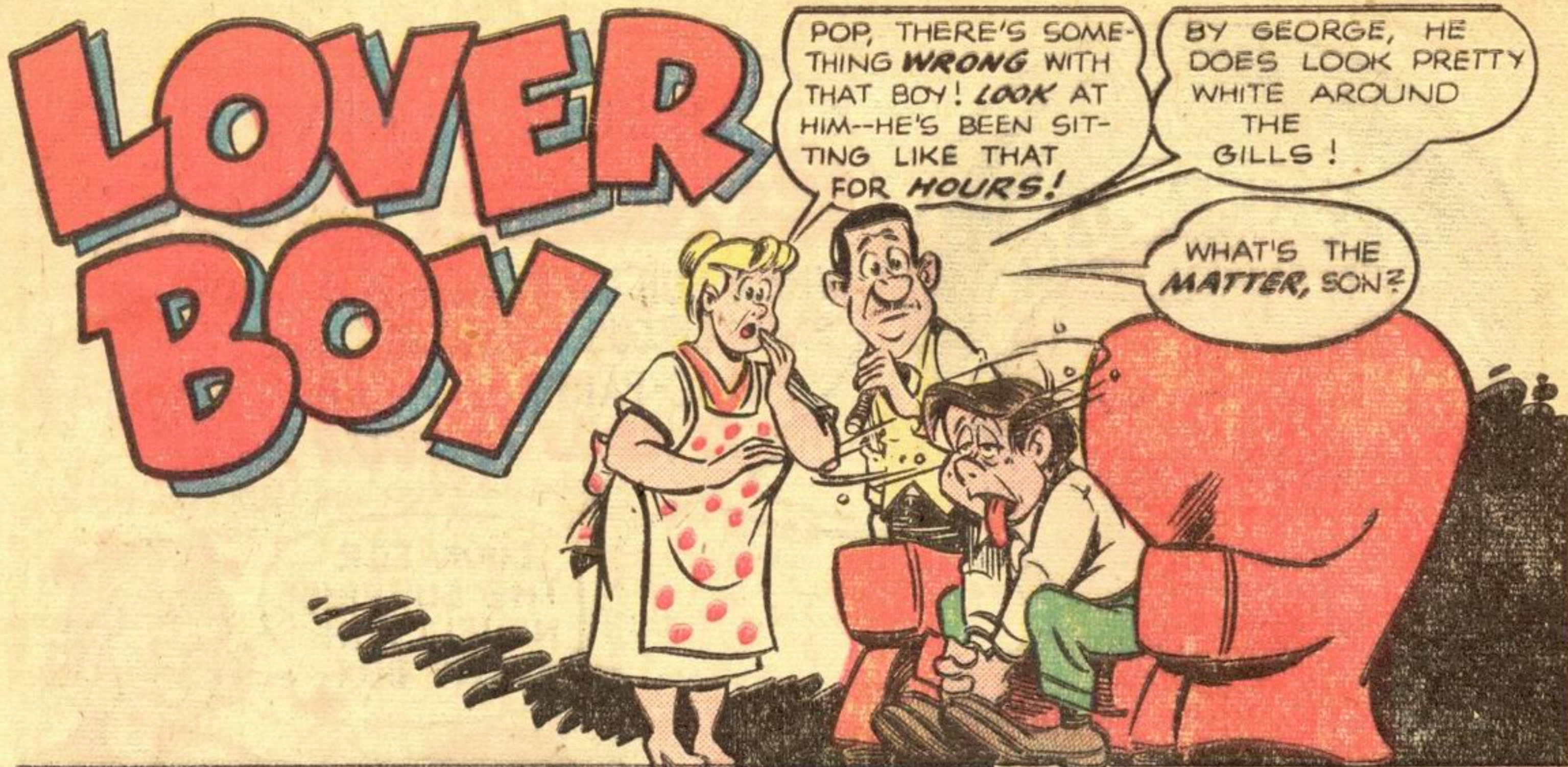
NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF  
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE  
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

OPERATION: **PERIL**

**10¢** ON  
ALL  
STANDS



# LOVER BOY



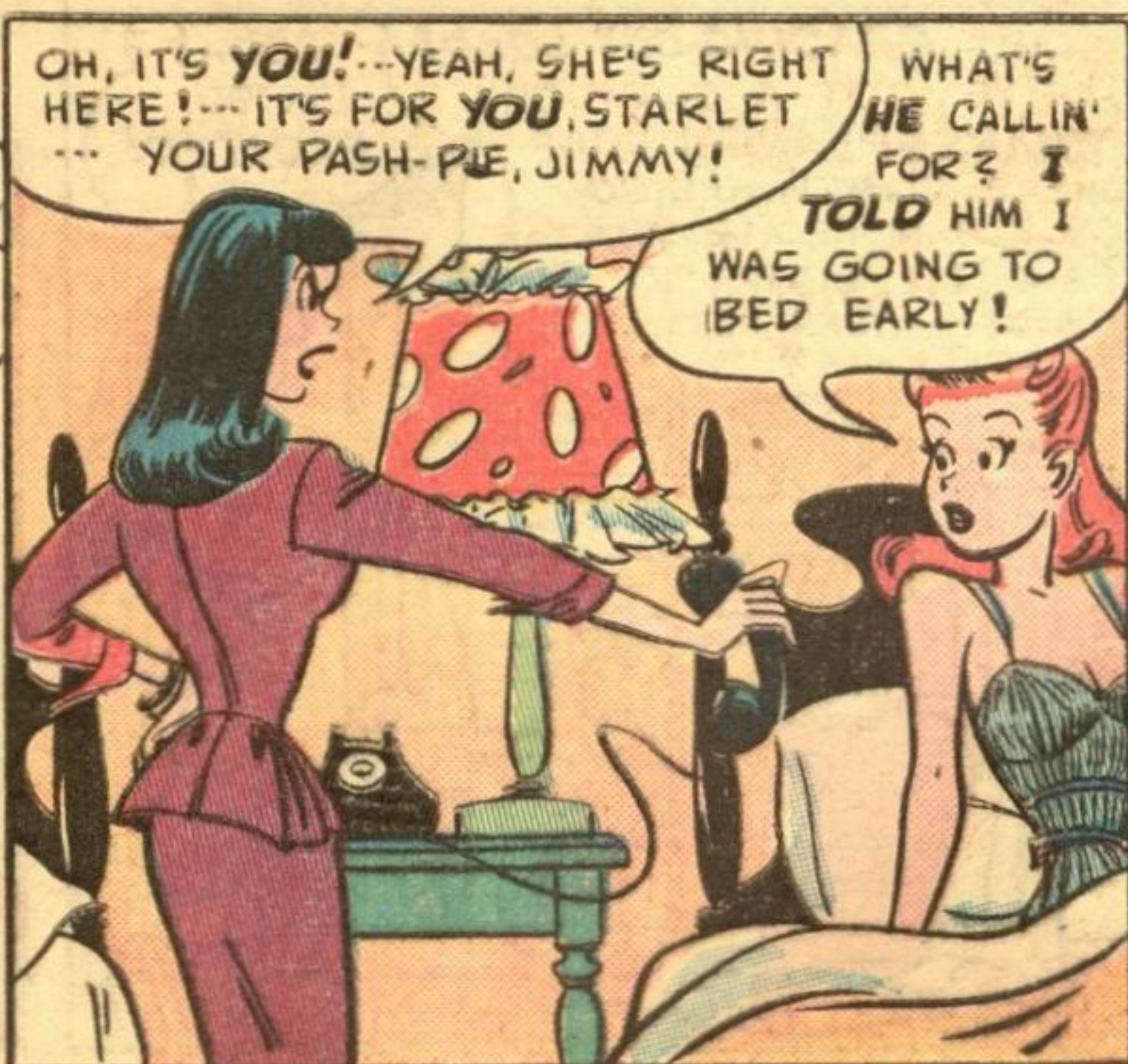
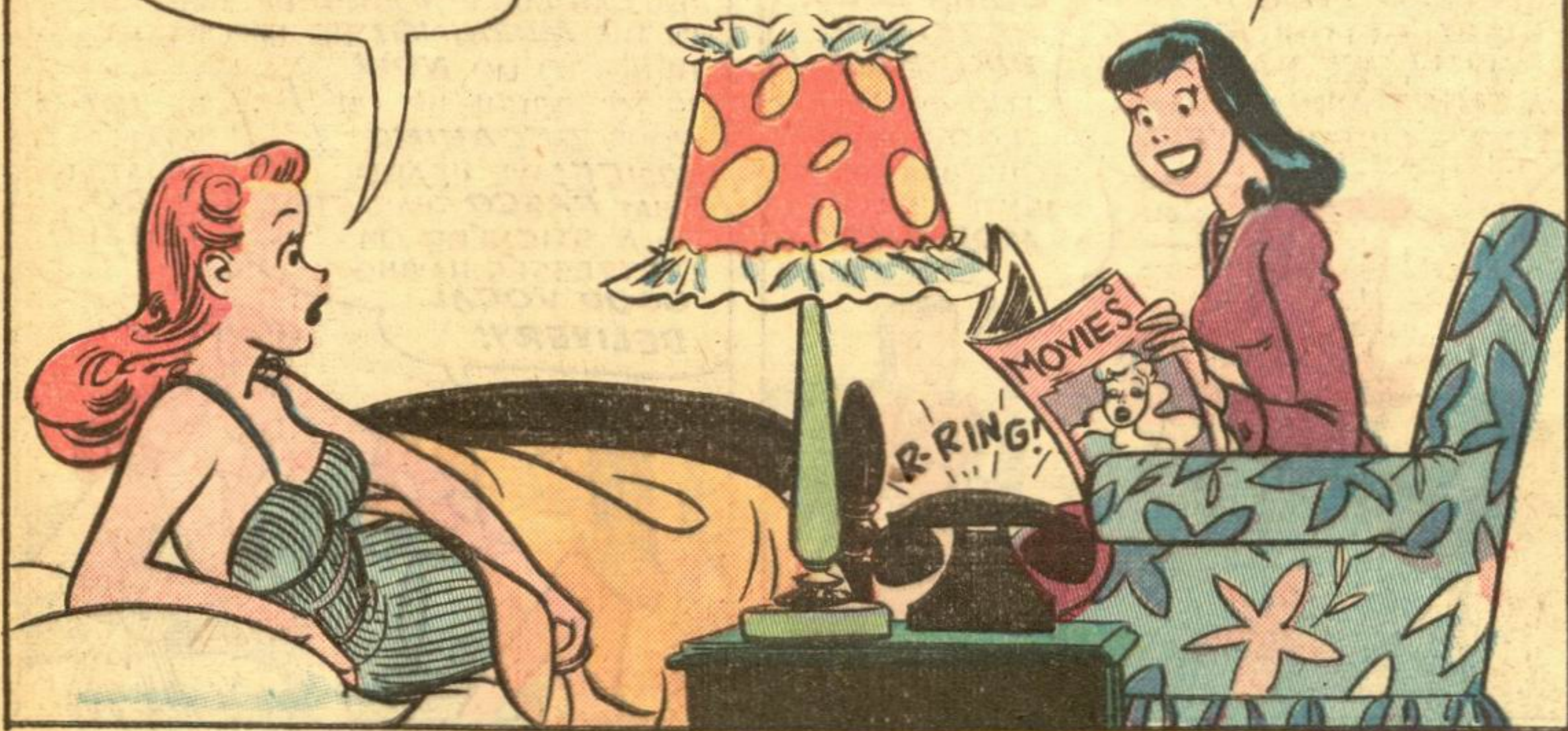


# STARLET O'HARA

## in HOLLYWOOD

GOLLY, AM I TIRED, FRITZI!  
I KNOW IT'S ONLY 7:30,  
BUT I'M GONNA HIT THE  
HAY AND GET A GOOD  
NIGHT'S REST!

YEAH --- HEY,  
THE **PHONE!** MAYBE  
SOMEBODY'S GONNA  
ASK ME FOR A  
**DATE** --- I HOPE!



✓HELLO! THIS IS **FRITZI**  
SPEAKING!  
I LOVE TO EAT AN' DANCE,  
YOU KNOW,  
SO GET HERE, FAST AND  
AWAY WE'LL GO!

OH, IT'S **YOU!**---YEAH, SHE'S RIGHT  
HERE!--- IT'S FOR **YOU**, STARLET  
--- YOUR PASH-PIE, JIMMY!

WHAT'S  
**HE** CALLIN'  
FOR? I  
**TOLD** HIM I  
WAS GOING TO  
BED EARLY!



WHAT? REALLY? TOMORROW MORNING? WHY, JIMMY, THAT'S WONDERFUL! YES! YES! I'LL BE THERE! ... NIGHT NOW!



FRITZI! IT'S HAPPENED! JIMMY'S GOT ME AN INTERVIEW WITH PETE PASCO, THE PRODUCER! ... THIS IS MY FIRST BIG BREAK!

AND YOUR SECOND BIG BREAK IS GONNA BE THAT BED, IF YOU DON'T STOP JUMPIN' ON IT!



JEEPERS, I'VE GOTTA START GETTIN' READY, FRITZI! MY NAILS ARE A SIGHT AND MY HAIR LOOKS SIMPLY AWFUL, AND ...

COME BACK HERE, YOU BIRD-BRAIN!

IT'S ONLY 7:30 -- AND YOUR INTERVIEW ISN'T UNTIL MORNING!



YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF PRETTY IN THE MORNING! THE IMPORTANT THING TO DO NOW IS TO BRUSH UP ON YOUR SPEAKING VOICE! I'VE HEARD THAT PASCO CHARACTER IS A STICKLER ON ACTRESSES HAVING GOOD VOCAL DELIVERY!

HE IS? WELL, WHAT'LL I DO, FRITZI?



START READING OUT LOUD! WE'VE GOT A COPY OF SHAKESPEARE'S STUFF HERE SOMEWHERE, SO YOU CAN RECITE THAT ... AND I'LL LISTEN TO YOU! --- YEAH, HERE IT IS!

GOSH! I'M SO EXCITED!



STARLET'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S EXCITED ... SO IS PETE PASCO! BUT FOR A DIFFERENT REASON!

SORRY TO BUST IN ON YA LIKE THIS, BOSS, BUT I'VE GREAT NEWS! CHI-CHI, THE SENSATIONAL NEW FOREIGN STAR, IS ARRIVING HERE TOMORROW -- AND I'VE PERSUADED HER AGENT TO HAVE HER SEE YOU THE FIRST THING!

WONDERFUL! I'VE NEVER SEEN HER, BUT I UNDERSTAND SHE'S TERRIFIC!





SHE IS... BUT THERE'S A **CATCH!** SHE CAN'T SPEAK **A WORD OF ENGLISH...** AND EVEN **WORSE**, SHE'S VERY **SHY!** THEY SAY IT'S TOUGH TO EVEN GET HER TO TALK IN HER **OWN** LANGUAGE!

**WHO CARES?** IF I CAN SIGN HER TO DO THE BACHELOR GIRL ROLE IN MY NEW PICTURE, I'LL DUB IN SOMEONE **ELSE'S** VOICE!

BY GOSH, LEAVE IT TO **YOU** TO FIGURE AN ANGLE, BOSS!... WELL, GOOD LUCK... I HOPE SHE SIGNS! BUT REMEMBER, SHE'S **SHY**... SO MAKE HER COMFORTABLE! MAYBE A **PARTY** TO HELP PUT HER AT EASE WOULD HELP!

**SURE!** I'LL HAVE THE STUDIO PUT THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT HER DISPOSAL! G'NIGHT, MAC, AND **THANKS?**



**NOW BACK TO STARLET AND FRITZI---**

**ROMEO! ROMEO!** WHEREFORE **ART** THOU, ROMEO?

**HOLD IT!** YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE CALLING A PET PIG! NOW TRY IT **AGAIN!**



**3 HOURS LATER**

**ART THOU... WHEREFORE ROAMING YOU, ART? ... THOU ART WHERE, ROAMING FOR YOU... ART! ART! ART THOU ... ROMEO...?**

THAT'S IT... YOU WERE **PERFECT!** NEVER HEARD THE BARD'S WORDS SPOKEN BETTER!



**SO... CAME MORNING...**

YOU MEAN... I CAN GO... TO BED... **NOW?**

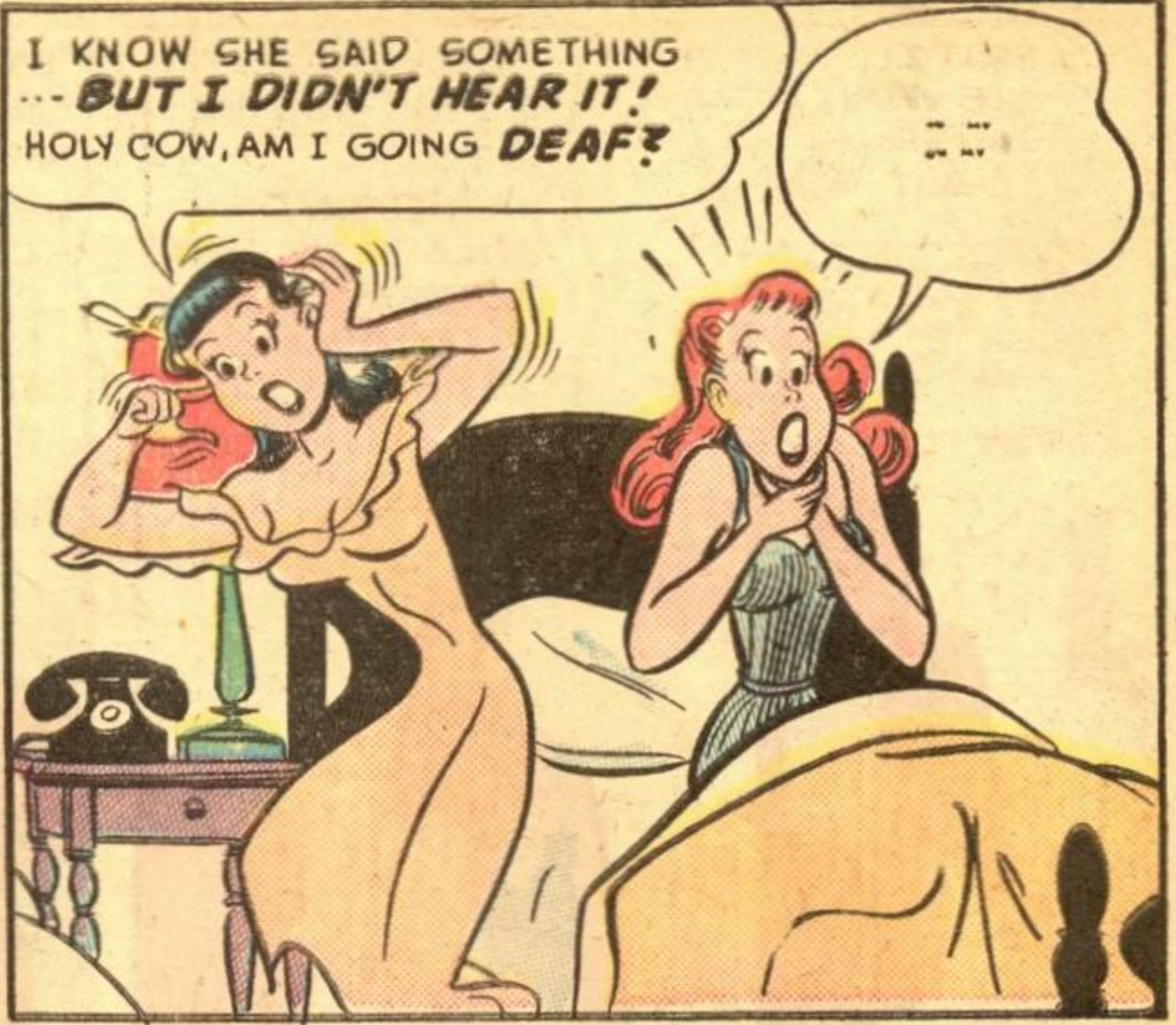
SURE THING, AND TOMORROW YOU'LL **THANK** ME FOR COACHING YOU! IT'LL CINCH A SCREEN TEST FOR YOU!... WELL, NIGHTY-NIGHT!



**HEY, STARLET, WAKE UP!** --WHAT TIME ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE THERE?









FRITZI, WHY AREN'T YOU DOWN IN THE **MAILROOM**? STARLET HAD PERMISSION TO TAKE THE MORNING OFF... BUT **YOU** DIDN'T!

**ULP!**...MISS OLSON!  
ER...AH... L-LOOK, MISS OLSON, I...

DON'T MISS OLSON **ME**, YOUNG LADY!  
YOU'LL FOLLOW ME RIGHT ON DOWN TO THE MAILROOM... OR CONSIDER YOURSELF **FIRED**!

BUT MISS OLSON  
...MA'AM... I... I... **GULP!**  
...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK,  
STARLET!

**MEANWHILE...**

...SO AS SOON AS SHE SHOWS UP, LET ME KNOW! SHE CAN'T TALK ENGLISH, AND SHE'S VERY SHY! I'LL GREET HER **PERSONALLY**!

YES, MR. PASCO, I'LL  
...WHY, THAT MUST BE **SHE** OUT THERE RIGHT NOW!

WHY, OF **COURSE!**...**WOW!**  
WHAT A **BEAUTY!** WHAT A  
SENSATIONAL **DOLL!** I'VE  
**GOT** TO HAVE HER FOR MY  
NEW PICTURE! HELLO!  
**HELLO! HELLO!**

**ULP!** IT'S  
**HIM**...AND I  
CAN'T SAY A  
**WORD!** I...  
I'VE GOTTA GET  
**OUT** OF  
HERE!

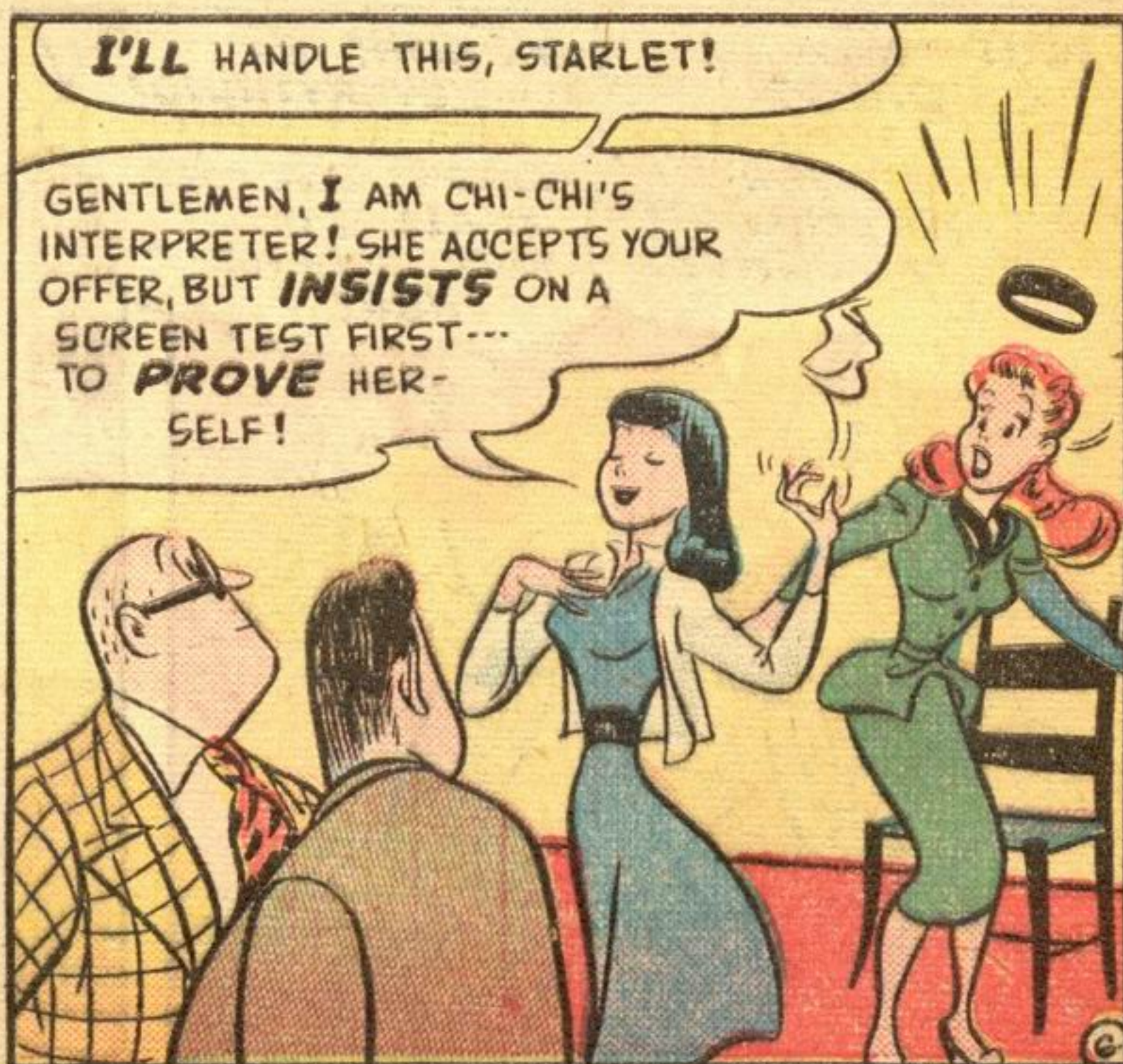
**WAIT...** WHERE ARE  
YOU **GOING?**  
OOPS! I FORGOT!  
YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I'M SAYING...  
AND YOU'RE **SHY!**

**OH-HHH!** THIS  
RUINS **EVERYTHING!**  
...DARN THAT FRITZI! I  
WOULDN'T HAVE COME  
AT **ALL** IF IT  
HADN'T BEEN FOR  
**HER!**

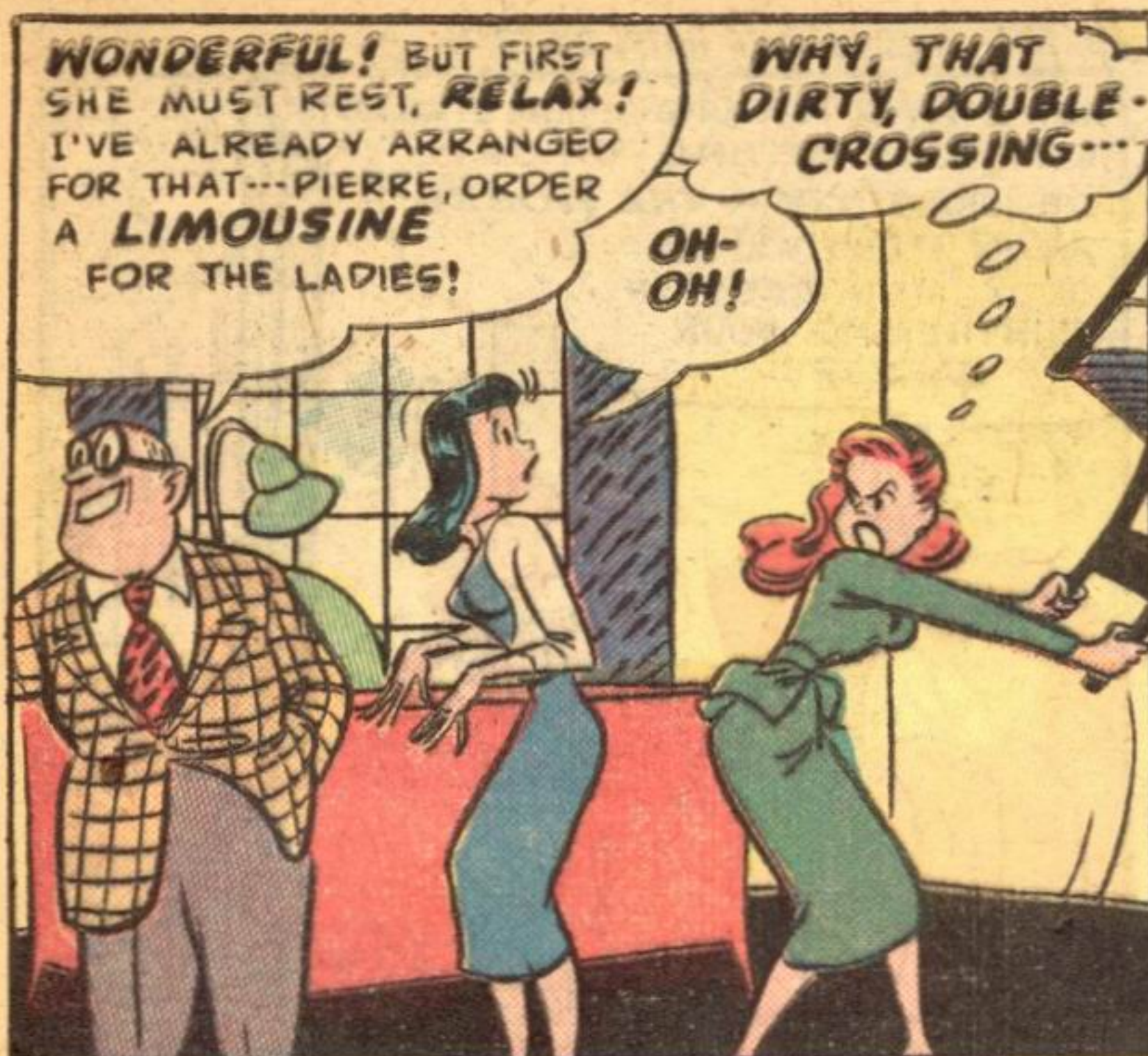
RELAX, MY DEAR...**RELAX!** YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO BE SHY AROUND **ME!** COME IN MY  
OFFICE...THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO SAY  
TO YOU!

MISS ADAMS,  
GET ME AN  
**INTERPRETER!**









WONDERFUL! BUT FIRST SHE MUST REST, RELAX! I'VE ALREADY ARRANGED FOR THAT...PIERRE, ORDER A **LIMOUSINE** FOR THE LADIES!

WHY, THAT DIRTY, DOUBLE-CROSSING...

OH-OH!



PSST! PUT THAT CHAIR DOWN. YA BIRD-BRAIN! DON'T YA GET IT? ONCE YOU GET A TEST AND HE SEES HOW **GOOD** YOU ARE, HE WON'T CARE **WHO** YOU ARE!

SAY, WHAT IS THIS?



HEH-HEH! CHI-CHI THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO SEE HER ACT **NOW!** ...THIS IS A SCENE FROM ONE OF HER OLD PICTURES! HEH ...ER...HEH!

OH? WELL, TELL HER NO NEED ---I WANT HER TO REST FIRST!



I'LL ESCORT YOU TO THE LIMOUSINE WHICH WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR SUITE AT THE AMBASSADOR! LATER, I WANT CHI-CHI TO COME BACK HERE FOR A LITTLE PARTY TO INTRODUCE HER... AND **THEN** THE TEST!

HEY, A **PARTY!** **KEEN!** I LOVE ...**OUCH!**



**MEANWHILE, IN THE OUTER OFFICE... THE REAL CHI-CHI!**

OH-OH... THIS MUST BE THE GAL FROM THE MAIL-ROOM THAT PASCO WAS GOING TO INTERVIEW!

**SORRY,** MISS... MR. PASCO WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOU TODAY!

PETER PASCO  
PRODUCER

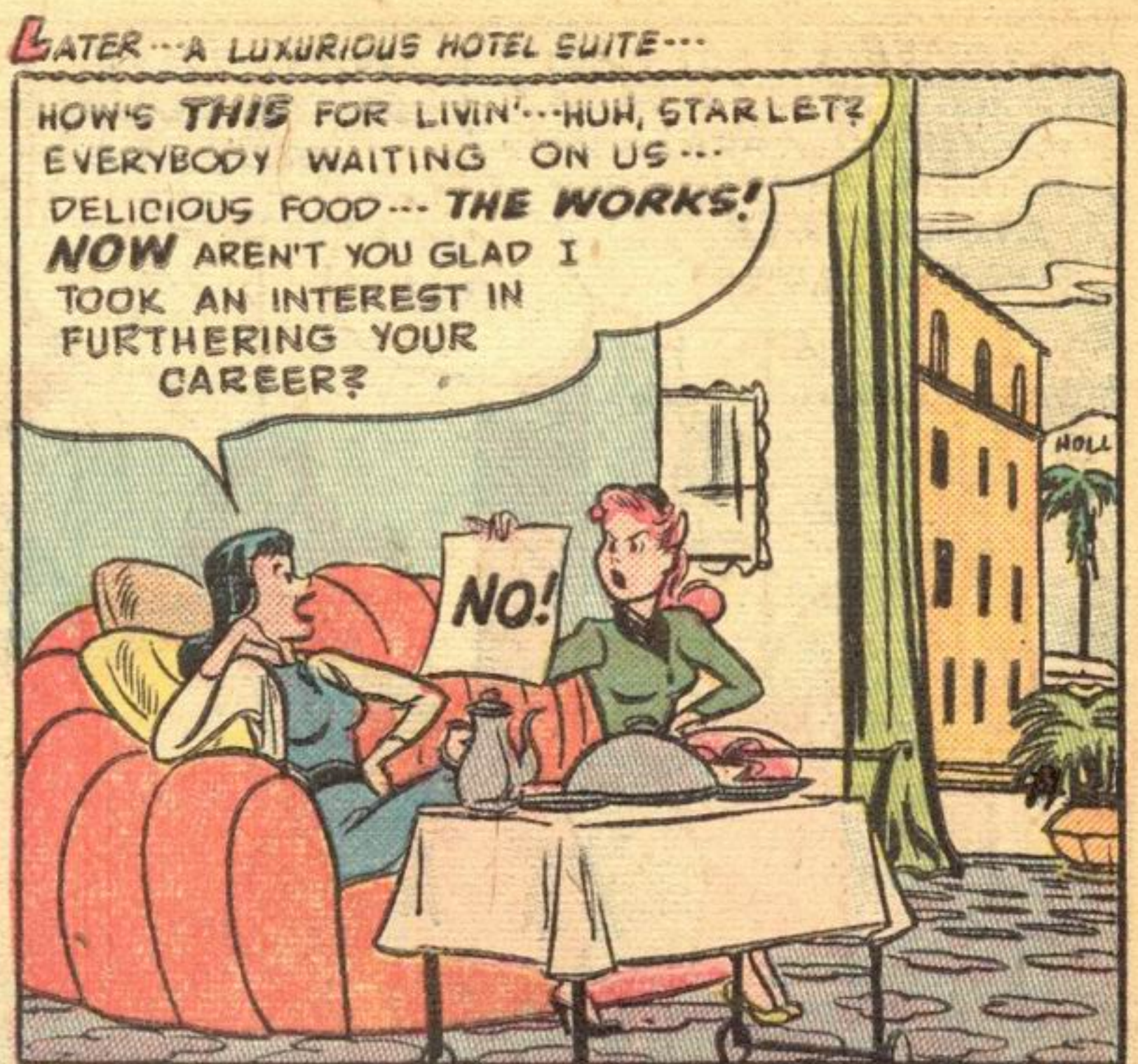


LOOK, I SAID HE **CAN'T SEE YOU!**

**JE NE COMPRENDS PAS!**

OH, **SWEARING** AT ME, HUH? ONE OF **THOSE** KIND!





LATER...A LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE...

HOW'S THIS FOR LIVIN'...HUH, STARLET? EVERYBODY WAITING ON US... DELICIOUS FOOD... THE WORKS! NOW AREN'T YOU GLAD I TOOK AN INTEREST IN FURTHERING YOUR CAREER?

YEOW!

PETER PASCO  
PRODUCER

NO!

AW, CHEER UP! GEE WHIZ, YOU CAN'T MISS, STARLET, ONCE THEY SEE YOU ACT --- WHICH REMINDS ME! THEY JUST CALLED FROM THE STUDIO AND WANT US BACK --- SO C'MON!

AND AT THE OFFICE OF CHI-CHI'S AGENT--

WHAT? THEY TREATED YOU LIKE THAT AFTER THEY BEGGED US TO LET THEM SEE YOU FIRST? BY GOSH, NO ONE CAN DO THAT TO MY CLIENT! WE'RE GOING OVER TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

FRITZI, TELL THEM TO SKIP THE PARTY AND LET ME DO THE TEST! I...I CAN'T STAND THIS SUSPENSE ANY LONGER!...

...ER--OKAY!-- AH--- MR. PASCO, CHI-CHI WANTS TO DO THE TEST RIGHT AWAY! ... NO PARTY!

WELL, FINE!

SO TELL HER ALL SHE HAS TO DO IS ACT LIKE A YOUNG GIRL WHO'S IN A JAM AND WORRIED SICK ABOUT HOW THINGS ARE GOING TO COME OUT! SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO TALK ... OKAY? FINE! CAMERAS! \* OO-YAY OT-GAY AT-THAY, ARLET-STAY? \* GURG!

TEST TAKE #1 CHI-CHI!

PETER PASCO

\* PIG LATIN = YOU GOT THAT, STARLET? (8)



MINUTES LATER...

WONDERFUL!  
SENSATIONAL!  
STUPENDOUS!...  
NEVER HAVE I  
SEEN MORE  
REALISTIC  
ACTING! GET A  
CONTRACT BLANK...  
HURRY!

STARLET,  
YOU MADE  
IT!

AND I  
WASN'T  
ACTING!  
I AM A  
GIRL IN A  
JAM... BUT  
GOOD!



BUT SUDDENLY...

PASCO, YOU **HEEL!** WHAT'S  
THE IDEA OF TREATING MY  
CLIENT, CHI-CHI, LIKE  
SHE HAD THE BLACK  
PLAGUE? SO HELP ME,  
I'M GOING TO  
**SUE!**

HUH? WHAT IS THIS...  
A **JOKE?** I'VE  
TREATED HER  
LIKE **ROYALTY!**...  
LOOK, THERE SHE  
IS, JUST ASK HER...



YOU BUG-  
HEAD, **THAT'S**  
NOT HER!  
**THIS** IS!

**WHAT??**  
THEN THESE  
TWO ARE  
**IMPOSTORS!**  
WHY, YOU --  
**YOU--I'LL HAVE**  
**YOU JAILED**  
**FOR THIS!**

**GULP!** WE'RE  
**NOT IMPOSTORS!**  
WE--WE --  
WORK IN THE  
MAILROOM  
HERE!



THEN I'LL  
HAVE YOU  
BOTH  
**FIRED!**

NOW **JUST** A MINUTE!  
STARLET WAS  
**SUPPOSED** TO SEE  
YOU TODAY! BUT  
SHE LOST HER VOICE  
...AND WHEN YOU  
JUMPED TO CONCLUS-  
IONS ABOUT HER  
IDENTITY, SHE COULDN'T  
DENY IT! IT'S **YOUR**  
**OWN FAULT** ALL THIS  
HAPPENED!



~HMMM~ER-I-I GUESS YOU'RE  
RIGHT! OKAY,  
YOU CAN **KEEP**  
YOUR JOBS!

SORRY, SHE  
HASN'T A NAME!  
... **CAN'T USE**  
**HER!**

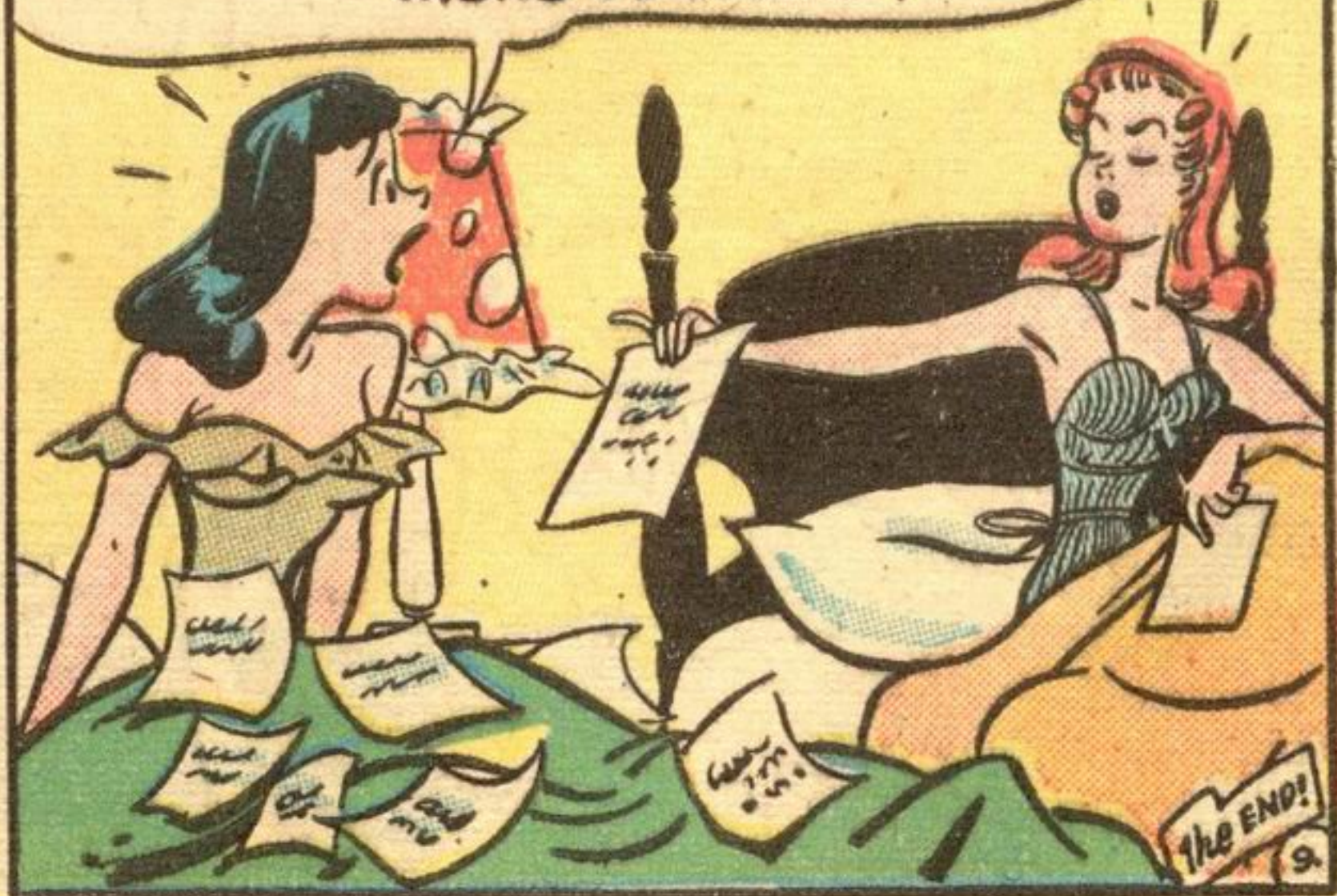
**THAT'S** MORE  
LIKE IT! NOW,  
HOW ABOUT A  
**CONTRACT** FOR  
STARLET?  
YOU SAID  
SHE WAS  
**GREAT!**



AND SO...LATER...

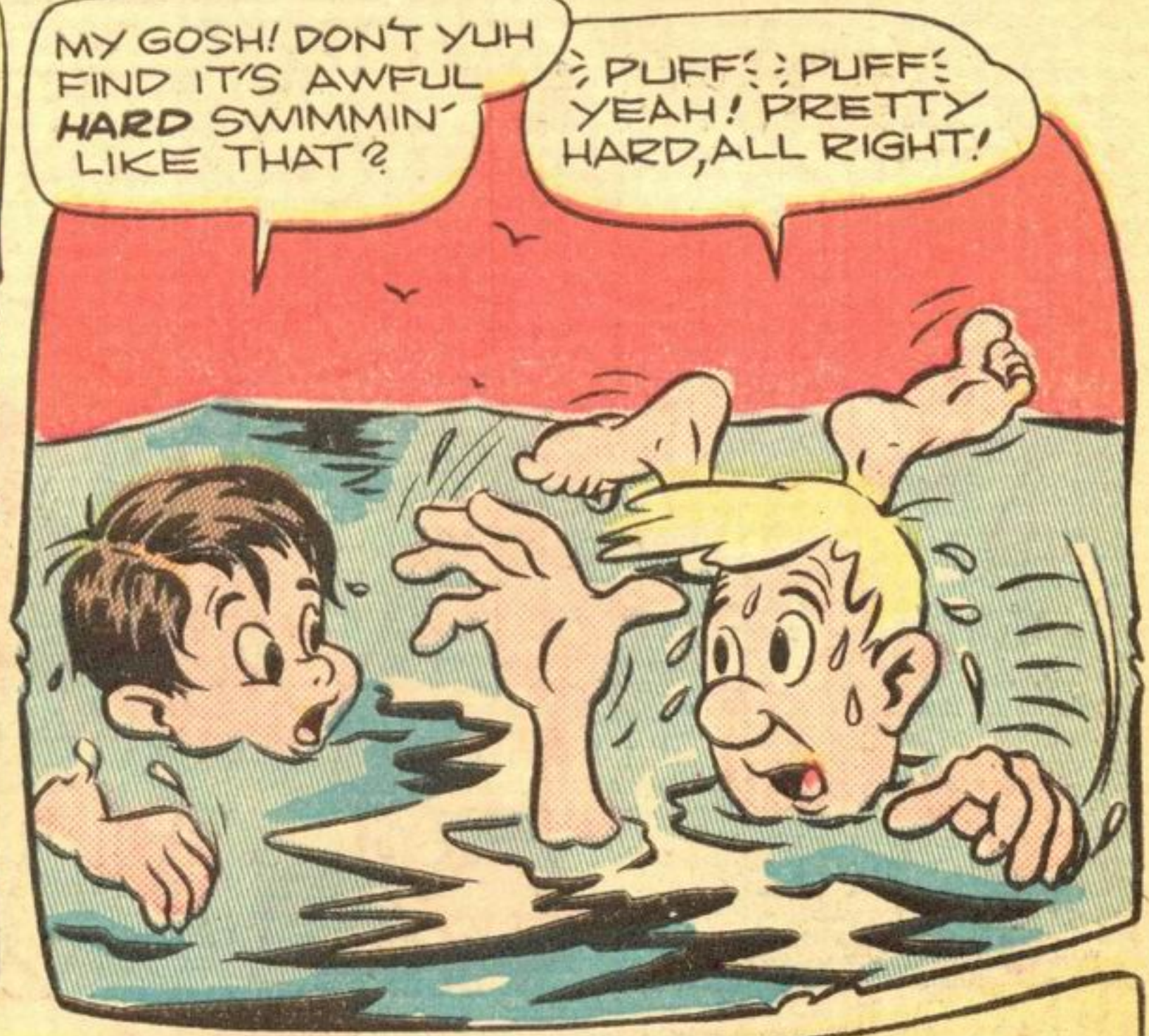
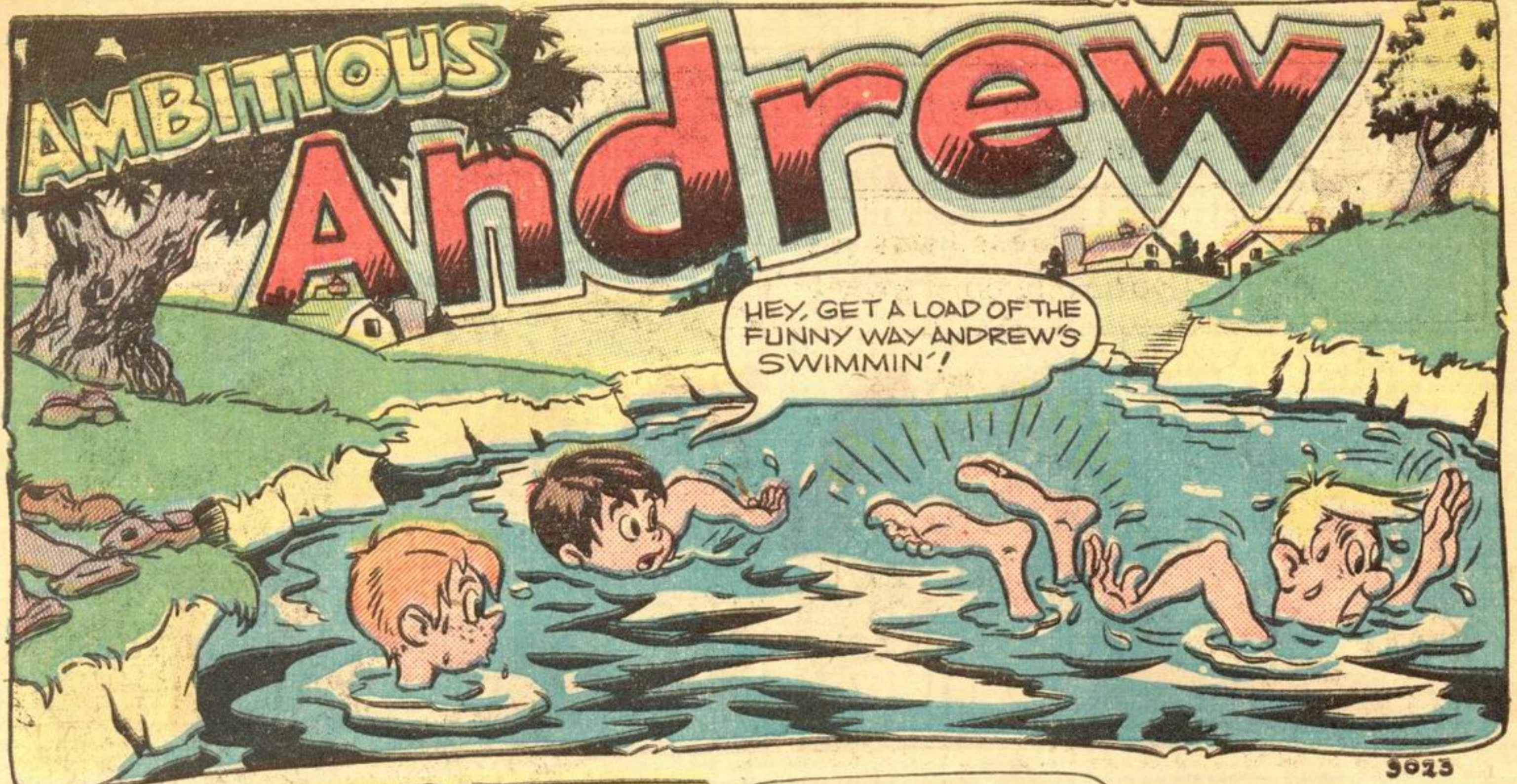
HOLY COW, STARLET!

**QUIT WRITING NASTY NOTES TO ME!** AFTER,  
ALL, WE **DID** HAVE A SWELL TIME, GOT A DAY  
OFF, AND KEPT OUR JOBS TOO! WHAT  
**MORE** DO YA WANT?



THE END!  
9









# BUNK!

NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally"

# SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll  
Give YOU A NEW BODY

**W**OULD you believe it? I was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

### WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS!

### ARE YOU

Skinny and run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in Confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?

Do you want to gain weight?  
**WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT** is told on this page!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

### "Dynamic Tension" Builds You NATURALLY

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give

you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body. In a very short time, you'll watch it grow and multiply into real, solid, rippling, LIVE MUSCLE.

*Charles Atlas*

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.



**FREE BOOK** Mail coupon now. I'll send my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Mail coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2-J, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2-J**  
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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

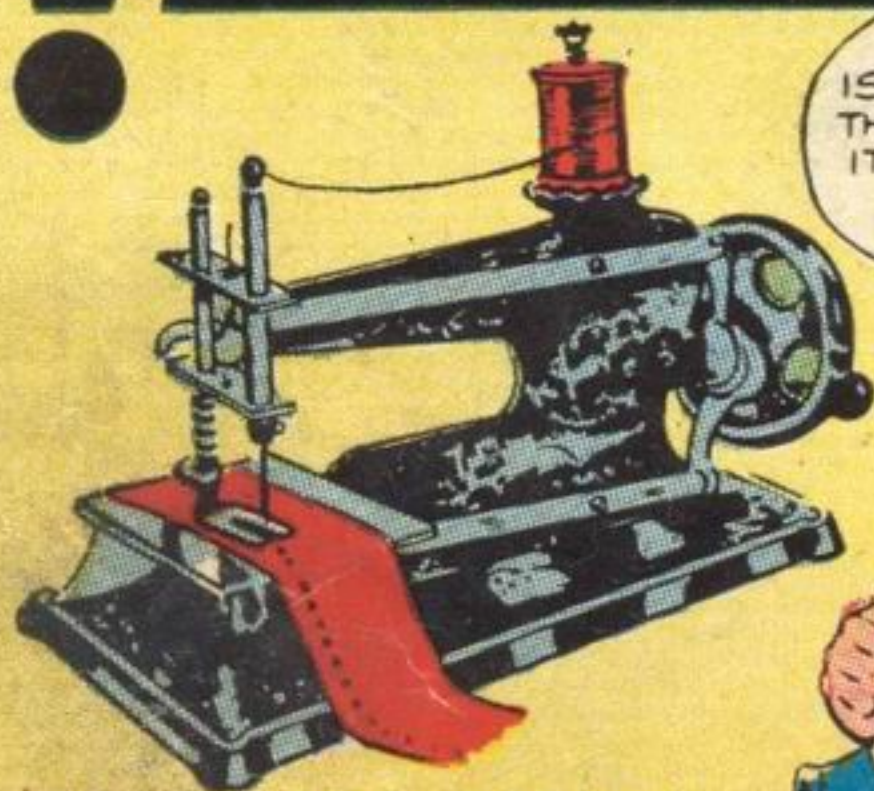


# LOOK

## AT THESE

# 4 WONDER BARGAINS

### 3 REAL SEWING MACHINE



GEE, THIS IS FUN! I MADE THIS DRESS WITH IT, AND I'LL MAKE HUNDREDS MORE!



**READY FOR ACTION**  
NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA MONEY SELLING THINGS YOU MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE CLAMP, SPOOL, THREAD AND NEEDLE.

DON'T PASS IT UP!

IT'S ONLY **\$298**

### 4 LIFE LIKE SANDY



HELLO

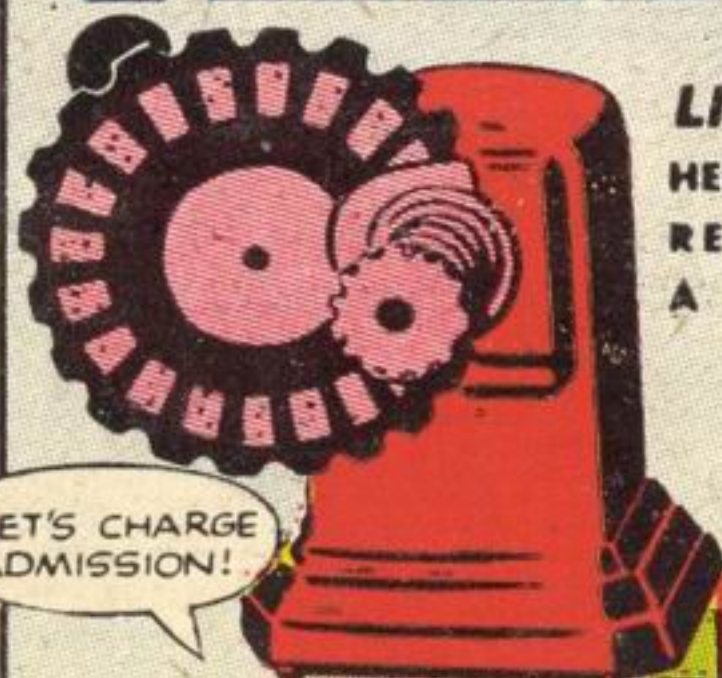
I'M SANDY! I DRINK, I WET, I SLEEP, AND YOU CAN WAVE MY HAIR, TOO!

THE NEWEST IN NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS

SHE HAS WONDER SKIN - JUST LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK, WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER HAIR WAVED!

IMAGINE ONLY **\$398**

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LET'S CHARGE ADMISSION!



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REAL LIVE ACTION MOVIES!  
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET... A REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM, A STAGE AND SCREEN...

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THAT SCIENTIFICALLY MINIMIZES YOUR LEARNING TIME TO A FEW SHORT HOURS!



A GREAT BUY AT ONLY **\$349**

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